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## LETTERS

### The Soul's Explorer

Sir:

A bouquet to both Dr. Jung and Time [Feb. 14] for their splendid efforts in attempting to convey many highly specialized data concerning today's most momentous issue—genuine mental health. In this era of escapism, mass alcoholism, counterfeit divorce decrees, hospitalized thousands of paranoia, hebephrenia and catatonia victims who are the victims of serious social blights, shallow philosophy, A- and H-bomb hysteria, pathetically false rationalizing and a disregard for God's holy commandments, etc., yours was an exceptionally well-timed article . . .

GILBERT J. BEZOU

New Orleans

### The General Speaks

Sir:

I've been an anti-MacArthur man since I don't know when, but now I would proudly nominate him for President. His speech on outlawing war [Feb. 7] was the most electrifying thing since Churchill's wartime oratory . . .

JONREED LAURITZEN

Chatsworth, Calif.

Sir:

I do not concur in your low opinion of General MacArthur's "cloud-high" speech. He said that war can no longer serve any desirable ends, and that any nation that engages therein will bring nothing but destruction and desolation on themselves as well as the enemy. Can any intellectually honest person deny that? . . . We must bend every effort to procure universal military disarmament (U.M.D., not U.M.T.) . . .

GLEN MCGREW

New Castle, Ind.

Sir:

General MacArthur has disclosed a deep-seated schizophrenia with respect to the subject of war and peace . . . A basic split in the mind and heart of this great soldier seems to have characterized his thinking throughout his career. In 1931, when he was Chief of Staff of the Army, he excommunicated a group of clergymen for their pacifist position . . . Yet this is the same man who . . . foisted upon the Japanese people a new constitution outlawing war altogether . . .

The question is which MacArthur are we

to believe? MacArthur the soldier, patriot, nationalist—or MacArthur the author of the Japanese constitution? . . .

(THE REV.) JOHN J. WATSON  
Rutherford Memorial Methodist Church  
Corryton, Tenn.

Sir:

. . . All that TIME said was fit to quote from General MacArthur's address was his (presumably the general's) words on youth and age. It so happens that all these words were quotes, or rather slight misquotes, of a piece written by my grandfather, the late Samuel Ullman of Birmingham, Ala. (a public school there bears his name) . . . Twenty years after my grandfather's death, a journalist interviewing MacArthur at his Tokyo headquarters in late 1945

was struck by a framed poem over his desk. It was called *Youth*, and was apparently anonymous. The general said this poem had been sent to him years before, and had always occupied the position over his desk, wherever that desk was located—even throughout the campaign in the Pacific . . .

I believe I echo the feeling of the 14 grandchildren of Samuel Ullman [see cut] when I say we are happy and proud to have his words widely spread. But it is indeed ironic that the particular implement for this spreading should be General MacArthur, who has always confused the grandiose with the youthful, and whose views on nationalism, militarism, etc. have been almost diametrically opposed to my grandfather's . . .

JOHN ALDRICH NEWFIELD

New York City

### Airy Grievances

Sir:

Mr. Bernard DeVoto says [Feb. 14] that the reconfirmation system used by the airlines is an asininity. I agree with Mr. DeVoto . . . [But] how long do you believe the theatres would remain in business if they sold tickets but were willing to make complete refund of the purchase price if the customer changed his mind and did not show up for the performance? That is exactly the situation of the airlines at this time. The only remedy is



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TIME  
February 28, 1955

Volume LXV  
Number 9

TIME, FEBRUARY 28, 1955



## INSURANCE CHECK LIST...

- ☐ Will your present insurance coverage be sufficient to enable you to repair or rebuild your property?
- ☐ Are your automobile liability limits high enough to protect you from loss if a heavy verdict were rendered against you?
- ☐ Is your automobile insurance in a company with nationwide facilities so that, should you have an auto accident far from home, your insurance will provide prompt claim service, bonding and other friendly help you may need?
- ☐ Have you increased your insurance on the contents of your home to cover recent acquisitions such as television, new furnishings, clothes, etc.?
- ☐ Have you provided for the continuance of your income by insurance if you should be disabled by an accident?
- ☐ Are you covered against legal liability if you or a member of your family should injure someone—or if a person should be injured while on your property?
- ☐ Have endorsements been placed on your fire policies to protect you against loss in case of windstorm, explosion and other specified perils?
- ☐ Are your insurance policies and inventory kept in a safe place away from the property insured?
- ☐ Do you carry your insurance identification card and the numbers of your policies when you travel?
- ☐ Have you reviewed your insurance program with your agent or broker recently?

# FOR Your Protection

Just as you check your car at intervals for safety, your insurance protection should be checked frequently, too. Your insurance may be your most valuable asset—a bulwark against the loss of all you own.

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a penalty system for those who abuse the privilege of making reservations. If their tickets are not used and not canceled within a reasonable time before departure, then not all of the purchase price is returned to them . . . The airlines have not had the courage to put in this sensible system . . . instead they instituted the half-way measure of the reconfirmation system . . . The reconfirmation policy is a proven failure and should be abolished, yet the members of the Air Transport Association, representing the airlines, have consistently voted to retain it, and a minority group, which includes American Airlines, has not yet been able to have it abolished . . .

C. R. SMITH  
President

American Airlines, Inc.  
New York City

#### Snap Judgment

Sir:  
In your Feb. 7 review of *A New Handbook on Hanging*, you published a formula used to determine the drop in hanging a man:

$$\frac{412}{\text{weight of body in stones}} = \text{length of drop in feet}$$

A stone these days is called 14 lbs. Using my roommate's weight of 155 lbs., his weight in stones is approximately 11.1 stones, and the drop necessary is 37 ft. In an unfortunate experiment to test the formula, the rope not only broke his neck, but pulled his head right off . . .

THOMAS A. DORF

Princeton, N.J.

Sir:  
. . . Author Duff's equation is obviously wrong since the usual drop is 6 to 8 ft., and even at that distance the head may be avulsed occasionally. Paraphrasing the remark of the Queen of Hearts, I say, "off with *his* head" to Author Duff for accepting 19th century Hangman Berry's mathematical absurdity.

HARRY M. ROSE, M.D.

New York City

¶ Some hanging experts insist that "High Hangman" Berry's table still stands; current British Hangman Albert Pierrepont lets his judgment be guided by imponderables, *e.g.*, age, bone structure.—Ed.

#### Pride of the Seventh Fleet

Sir:  
Re your cover and article on Admiral Pride (Feb. 7) . . . I was one of his O.O.D.s in combat on the *Bellevue Wood* during the tough part of World War II . . . Pride is a modern Abraham Lincoln—the very soul of humility, inspiring confidence at every turn. He commands respect but returns respect in full measure.

J. LESTER POUCHER

Palatka, Fla.

Sir:  
. . . This article gave me the opportunity of learning a good deal more about a man who extended several unforgettable kindnesses to me and several others in our 312th General Hospital Unit stationed at Mandaluyong, Rizal Province, P.I. . . .

MARIE S. ZEIGNER

Los Alamos, N. Mex.

#### Stand on Formosa

Sir:  
You are so right in stressing the importance of a courageous policy in dealing with Communist China on the Formosan situation [Feb. 7] . . . Are we to be maneuvered into



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a position so patently against our wishes as the recognition of Communist China and the abandonment of Chiang Kai-shek to the confines of Formosa? That is the British policy . . . It has been on their books for some time, but Anthony Eden has been very adroit in seizing upon the Formosan situation as a means of implementing it. If this happens, I believe it will be the end of the U.S. as a power . . .

MARY V. T. WHITEHEAD

San Antonio

Sir:

Senator Wayne Morse showed himself for the irresponsible egghead he is when he joined his fellow Senators, Langer and Lehman, in voting against the Formosan resolution.

R. P. McLAURIN

St. Louis

Sir:

One thing this Formosa situation proves to all is that the Soviet Union is a more reliable ally than the U.S. Chiang must find his tea bitter indeed . . .

G. WHEELER

Los Angeles

## Russell & the Bible

Sir:

Re Bertrand Russell's definition of faith [Jan. 31]: it is psychologically impossible to put "faith in something for which there is no evidence." Christian faith is founded on plenty of evidence, but Russell the pragmatist doesn't have the frame on which to hang it.

(THE REV.) EDWARDS E. ELLIOTT  
The First Orthodox Presbyterian Church  
San Francisco

Sir:

. . . While you may not know it, there are many of your readers whose religious or you might say irreligious views correspond with Earl Russell's, and 20th century rationalists are following the Romans. The intellectual classes in Rome did not believe in "an eternal life"—they believed in "eternal sleep."

WALTER BURWELL

Council Bluffs, Iowa

Sir:

Your review of Bertrand Russell's book . . . sets a short-time low . . . Time, itself addicted to outdated superstitions, i.e., Christianity, mocks Nobel Prizewinner Russell, one of the ablest logicians of our time . . .

J. J. BLEEKER

Delft, Holland

Sir:

Earl Russell . . . claims that the Bible itself is contradictory on the matter of ethics and "proves" it by asking, "Should a childless widow marry her deceased husband's brother? *Leviticus* says no, *Deuteronomy* says yes." If Mr. Russell would take his own advice and get a little knowledge of the Scriptures before condemning them, he would find that the two texts he uses as proof for his statement are not contradictory; one refers to the *widow* of the brother while the other refers to the *wife* of the brother. There is, after all, a fair-sized difference between a wife and a widow, unless one is deliberately looking for a specious argument to build up a point that is rather weak . . .

H. J. BERGMAN

Wenatchee, Wash.

## The Horrifying Truth

Sir:

I want to thank you for publishing the article on Vorkuta [Jan. 24]—the Russian slave camp. You give the free people of

America another chance to learn the horrifying truth about the Russian way of "restoring" peace for the world. I am a Latvian, whose father might be one of the prisoners at Vorkuta, still hoping for his return . . .

DAGMAR BITNERS

New Westminster, B.C.

Sir:

Your article was a very good account of life in that part of Russia. I should know; I was there in 1940—building the railroad to Vorkuta, by no means voluntarily, but as a prisoner of war having been captured by the Russians during the Russo-Polish war in 1939.

FRED HIRSCHBERGER

Pompton Lakes, N.J.

## Just to Pass the Time Away

Sir:

Re your Jan. 31 picture of Robert R. Young climbing aboard a boxcar: Railroad Tycoon Young had best read his rule book on safety. He should use the grab irons on the side of the boxcar instead of on the end as shown in your picture . . .

R. O. SHAUB

Baltimore

## The Heretics

Sir:

I am still wondering why TIME [Jan. 31] chose to devote such an amount of space to the affair of unrocked Father Dubois . . . A sentimental account of Dubois' piety and energy and his parishioners' liking for him does not convince me that he was martyred when a church whose fundamental precepts he denies refused to let him continue as one of its pastors . . .

D. J. MULCAHY

Houston

Sir:

I think the case of "Heretic" ex-Father Dubois points up very well the age-old problem that has faced many people in the Roman Catholic Church: to go along with what the church says, believing it to be wrong in many of its teachings, or, to stand up for what one believes from the Scriptures and face excommunication from the Church of Rome. I would have a great deal of respect for Dubois had he done one of two things: truly believed in his heart and preached the verity of all dogma and actions of the Church of Rome, or, once stating his opposition, to have stuck to his points. As the case of the unrocked priest, I feel very sorry for him as he has been unable to find true comfort in Christ . . .

WOOLLEN H. WALSH JR.

New Orleans

Sir:

In a footnote to your story, we are told that the Albigensians adopted a "strict, otherworldly practice of Christianity, and were virtually exterminated by the church." Do you consider that advocacy of suicide is "strict, otherworldly practice of Christianity"? Are you in favor of the Albigensian doctrine of concubinage and unrestrained carnal actions, as "strict and otherworldly Christianity"? . . .

If the Albigensian heresy had triumphed, it would have meant the destruction of civilization through the ruin of the home and family because of their antisoal teaching on marriage. They were a threat not only to the church, but also to the well-being of society at large . . . Let's not advertise the Albigensians as simple pure Christians, which they were not, at least in principle. A fraternal prayer for Father Dubois, a "shepherd in the mist."

(THE REV.) HENRY P. COSGROVE,

J.C.D.

Rome

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWS-MAGAZINE

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## INDEX

Cover Story... 22

Art.....58	Miscellany.....92
Books.....88	Music.....64
Business.....76	National Affairs 9
Cinema.....84	People.....30
Education.....42	Press.....49
Foreign News...15	Radio & TV...63
Hemisphere.....22	Religion.....34
Letters.....2	Science.....54
Medicine.....38	Sport.....71
Milestones.....82	Theater.....60

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# A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



## Dear Time-Reader:

Editors, reporters and newsmen in general are dramatized on radio and television, in movies and detective stories. But oddly enough, the average real-life journalist, while he loves his work, usually does not think that his own profession makes news.

The editors of TIME think differently. That is why we have a Press section where, week after week, we cover newsmen and the story behind the story. More fundamentally, TIME reports news about news because the press is a cornerstone of free, democratic government, and its workings a vital part of modern society.

A working journalist is usually inately shy about being interviewed himself. When we turn the tables on him, some curious things are likely to happen. The reporter being interviewed may get edgy and commit the sin he hates most; ask to read, i.e., censor, the finished copy. Or he may insist on putting the best part of what he says "off the record." Or, a brilliant questioner himself, he may be struck dumb at being interviewed. By and large, however, most newsmen have the good grace to laugh at such inhibitions when our reporters point out the irony of it all.

TIME does not attempt to report the press as trade news, but as something the readers live with, are influenced by, and curious about. For example, while our political reporters were covering the politics of the 1952 political conventions, other TIME correspondents were keeping an eye out for newsworthy feats of the 3,000-man press corps (TIME, July 21, 1952). Our National Affairs section reported the first H-bomb explosion, but it was in Press that we later described the official bungling in the release of stories and pictures of the blast (TIME, April 12, 1954). Occasionally, we spot a hoax passed off as news, e.g., the widely printed story of a girl who went into a hypnotic trance when a crooner sang a love song. Our correspondent traced the whole affair to a pressagent's brain (TIME, Dec. 1, 1952).

In addition to exploring behind the scenes, we also report on the state of the press itself. In this connection we are always on the lookout for the capable small-town or country editor or publisher who has lots to say but is hardly known outside his small audience. We note with pleasure that many of the writers, reporters, cartoonists

and newspapers that TIME has singled out for praise have later turned up as Pulitzer Prize winners (including Anthony Leviero of the New York Times; Marguerite Higgins and Homer Bigart of the New York Herald Tribune; Cartoonists James Berryman and Rube Goldberg; and Long Island's Newsday).

As changes occur in U.S. life and living standards, the press also changes. These changes generate some of the toughest and most important stories. For instance, Washington is now the press center of the world and a Mecca for reporters. Not long ago, TIME surveyed the Washington press corps and was able to report: "Washington is the best covered city in the world." Another survey was the story of new problems faced by newspapers in the biggest U.S. city ("Trouble in New York"—TIME, Dec. 20).



One of our recent survey stories concerned the Supreme Court's decision of last May banning segregation in the public schools. The decision made news around the world, and TIME's editors were interested in finding out how Southern newspapers

as a whole were reporting attempts to put the decision into effect. The conclusion of our correspondents and Southern newsmen themselves: the reporting had been only mediocre (TIME, Jan. 17).

The job of putting TIME's Press section together each week is under the direction of Senior Editor Joe Purtell and Press Editor Dick Clurman. For Clurman, the most time-consuming and necessary part of the job is reading. He reads regularly dozens of U.S. and foreign papers, plus 50 or 60 magazines each week.

In addition, he gets lots of help from TIME correspondents, and part-time correspondents who work on local papers throughout the world. Moreover, 45 TIME editors are former newspapermen and continue to read their old papers in search of story ideas.

I might add that TIME's readers tend to be careful newspaper readers, too, and generally keep us posted on the state of the world's press (including TIME) as they see it.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen





Stetson Sterling, Twelve Ninety-Five

## Here's a new Stetson as light as a whisper

Even the fur felt speaks softly. And there's a hush of admiration for the gracefully easy lines of the Stetson Sterling. It's light as a baby's touch—almost hard to believe you have it on. There's a properly casual narrow band and tapered crown, with all the many touches

of Stetson craftsmanship that make the Sterling stand out—and stand up, too. For a new experience in lightness, try the new Stetson Sterling, today. Even the price is light—only \$12.95. Other Stetson Hats to \$40. Also made in Canada. Stetson is part of the man.



## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

### THE NATION

#### Two Islands Apart

On the whole globe there can hardly be two more intrinsically negligible pieces of real estate than Quemoy and Matsu, a pair of barren islands off the China coast. Yet history has an old trick of throwing its spotlight on obscure spots and thereby illuminating vast, half-hidden conflicts.

In a speech last week (*see below*), Secretary of State Dulles, without naming the islands, clarified the U.S. position on Quemoy and Matsu. What he said was simple, almost trite: he warned the Communists again that if they persisted in regarding these islands as stepping stones to Formosa, and if they attacked them, the U.S., committed to defend Formosa, might accept the Communist definition of such an assault as the beginning of an attack on Formosa and retaliate accordingly.

Yet this simple expression of the obvious touched off extraordinary reactions. Asian anti-Communists were notably cheered by Dulles' speech. The anti-Communist Hong Kong newspaper, *Sing Tao Jih Pao*, said that Dulles brought "joy and comfort." Other Asian voices recalled the Korean truce, the Indo-China truce and the Tachen Islands evacuation, and said that Dulles' announcement on the offshore islands between Formosa and the mainland indicated that the U.S. had finally made up its mind to take a stand. The Dulles sentence that most impressed Asians: "If the non-Communist Asians ever come to feel that their Western allies are disposed to retreat wherever Communism threatens the peace, then the entire area could quickly become indefensible." This, as Asians knew best, was the real significance of Quemoy and Matsu.

Equally interesting was the British reaction to Dulles' speech. Almost all of the British press attacked it. More serious was the fact that Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden was deeply disturbed by it and prepared to express his disapproval to Dulles when the two met this week in Bangkok. British disapproval of this speech discloses more plainly than ever before the width and depth of U.S.-British differences on East Asia policy.

The British want the Chinese Communists to have Quemoy and Matsu because they think the transfer of these islands will lessen the danger of a war of encounter. They want blue water between the Communists and what the U.S. is



Wide World

#### SECRETARY DULLES

Much light from small parcels.

committed to defend. Actually, they would not be sorry to see Formosa fall because that would put still more blue water between the U.S. and the Communists.

Both British and U.S. leaders are worried about the danger of war in the East, but the two nations see very different perils. The U.S. is much less concerned about the possibility of a war of encounter. Its worry, as hinted by Dulles, is the thought of what happens if non-Communist Asians lose heart and collapse into Communism. Then, indeed, there might be a general conflict, with the Western powers attempting to rescue Malaya,

Indonesia, Siam, Burma and even Japan.

Quemoy and Matsu have one meaning in the U.S. nightmare, another in the British nightmare. Dulles' main task at the Manila Pact conference in Bangkok this week will be to state the Asian danger in terms that will bring Britain and other participating nations to understand why the long-range U.S. responsibility calls for present firmness even on such small parcels of contention as Matsu and Quemoy.

### FOREIGN RELATIONS

#### Invitation to Division

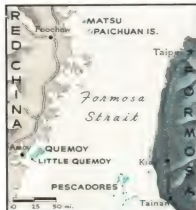
Looking at the Kremlin's "extraordinary demonstration of despotic disarray" last week, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles observed: "It may well be that the last act of this drama has not yet been played." Dulles had some suggestions that might hasten the final curtain.

World revolution is Communism's ultimate objective, but it can always be postponed in the interests of the Russian state. It was postponed by Stalin when he defeated the imperialist Trotsky, and again, when the Russian people were rallied against the Nazi invasion, to defend not the revolution but Mother Russia.

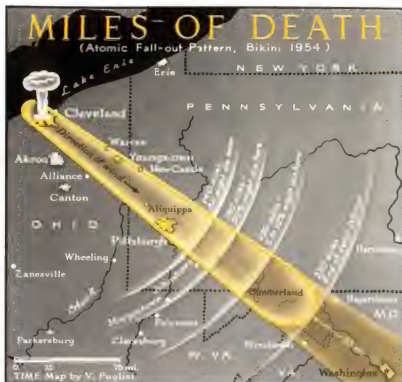
In last week's speech to the Foreign Policy Association at Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, Secretary Dulles in effect asked where Mother Russia figures in the announced policies of Party Leader Nikita Khrushchev. "What we see," he said, "is in part an elemental, personal struggle for power. But also one can perceive the outlines of a basic policy difference. There must in Russia be those who are primarily concerned with the welfare, the security and the greatness of the Soviet Union and its people.

"But there are others who would have the Soviet Union and its power serve primarily as a tool of international Communism and as a means for achieving its worldwide ambitions. These two ends, one symbolized by the state and the other by the party, do not always coincide. . . . Lenin and Stalin constantly emphasized the distinction between the two. 'The party,' said Stalin, 'is not and cannot be identified with state power' . . .

"The time may come—and I believe that it will come—when Russians of stature will put first their national security and the welfare of their own people. . . . [If they] should prevail, then indeed there could be a basis for worthwhile negotiations and practical agreements



TIME MAGAZINE



between the U.S. and the new Russia."

Meanwhile, international Communism's aggressive designs must be thwarted. The Secretary of State explained why, to do so in the Formosa Strait, the U.S. was required to advance its defensive perimeter toward the China mainland. "The U.S. has no commitment and no purpose to defend the coastal islands as such. I repeat, as such."

"The basic purpose is to assure that Formosa and the Pescadores will not be forcibly taken over by the Chinese Communists. However, Foreign Minister Chou, of the Communists, said that they will use all their forces to take Formosa, and they treat the coastal islands as means to that end."

"When the Nationalists voluntarily evacuated the Tachen Islands, the comment of the Chinese Communists was, and I quote from their radio: 'The liberation of these islands has created favorable conditions—not for peace—favorable conditions for our People's Liberation Army in the liberation of Formosa.'

"Thus, the Chinese Communists have linked the coastal positions to the defense of Formosa. That is a fact which, as President Eisenhower said in his message to Congress about Formosa, 'compels us to take into account closely related localities.' Accordingly, we shall be alert to subsequent Chinese Communist actions."

By not actually naming the key islands of Quemoy and Matsu, Secretary Dulles avoided leaving others unguarded, while retaining freedom of action in responding to Communist probes. Said he: "What the despots will discover from their probing ought, I think, to restrain them."

## THE ATOM

### The Fatal Fall-Out

For months scientists and newsmen in the U.S. and around the world had been speculating about the peril of "fall-out" after atomic and hydrogen explosions. How great was the danger from the radioactive dust that descends upon the earth after the big blasts? Last week, to set the record straight and to counteract some exaggerations, the Atomic Energy Commission issued a special report. Even without exaggeration the story was fantastic.

**Cigar-Shaped Peril.** In the Pacific last March, the hydrogen bomb test at Bikini Atoll sent a shower of deadly radioactive dust (mostly pulverized coral) over a vast cigar-shaped area extending 220 miles downwind from the blast. Along a strip up to 20 miles wide, extending 140 miles downwind, the fall-out—if it had come down in a populated area—would have seriously threatened the lives of nearly every human. At a distance of 160 miles the lives of half the people would be threatened; at 190 miles 5% to 10% might die (varying with individual reaction to radioactivity). The fall-out was deadly enough to kill in an area of 7,000 square miles.

Localized to an industrial area of the U.S., the AEC's estimates would mean that a Bikini-sized H-bomb dropped on Cleveland with the wind northwest could level the city, threaten the life of everyone in Pittsburgh, and spread lethal ash across a strip of West Virginia, into Virginia and Maryland (see map). If the wind were stronger than it was at the time of the Bikini test, the fatal fall-out from

a Cleveland bomb could reach all the way to Washington.

The AEC's computations are based on the worst possible conditions, i.e., they assume that no one would take protective measures. Paradoxically, old and simple steps are highly effective against the new and horrible peril. Taking shelter in an old-fashioned Kansas cyclone cellar with a 3-ft. ceiling of earth until the fall-out is over will reduce the immediate radiation absorbed by a human being to a safe level, even in the worst fall-out area.

But there could be long-range effects harder to guard against. One substance found in nuclear fall-out is strontium-90, which, when taken into the body in dangerous amounts, causes deterioration of the bones. Its effects could reach people years after the blast, if it fell on soil where food later was grown for animals used for milk or meat.

**Weather-Plagued Test.** Washington's report on fall-out was prompted by two main considerations. President Eisenhower and the AEC wanted to re-emphasize the need for 1) civil defense in the U.S., and 2) a continued campaign for realistic international control of atomic weapons.

At the atomic testing grounds on the Nevada desert last week, fall-out was a key consideration. For four days in a row, the AEC postponed the scheduled first shot in a new series of tests—the explosion of an "atomic device" atop a 500-ft. tower. On the first scheduled test day, weather calculations showed that the radioactive cloud from a dawn explosion would be passing over the town of Caliente, Nev. (pop. 1,000), about 50 miles away, at about the time schoolchildren were standing on the street corners waiting for buses. For the next three days, there were similar problems. Actually, the AEC did not think that the tests would produce dangerous fall-out, but they had to think of public reaction. Said one atomic expert: "We're interested in minimizing the fear of hazards as much as the hazards themselves."

At week's end the Nevada test managers finally decided to start the series with what had been scheduled as the second step: the drop of a "baby" atom bomb (equivalent to 5,000 to 15,000 tons of TNT) from an airplane. Since the bomb would explode in mid-air, it would be less likely to siphon up particles from the ground and therefore would produce a less dangerous fall-out. The clouds from nuclear explosions that do not suck up particles from the earth travel long distances (sometimes around the world) and descend in such minute particles that they are seldom dangerous.

The report on the perils of fall-out and the new tests on the Nevada desert last week sharply illustrated the key points of U.S. atomic weapon policy. The U.S. realizes the consequences of atomic and hydrogen war, but until there is sensible and secure international control, it intends to go on improving nuclear weapons and trying to establish defenses against them.

## POLITICAL NOTES

### On to the Cow Palace

Republican National Chairman Leonard Hall faced the television cameras, adjusted his glasses, and began reading a brief announcement. He stumbled over a familiar name, saying "Dwayt" instead of Dwight. Fortunately, someone kicked out the electric plug leading to the camera cable, and Hall had to start all over again. This time he got it right: the Republican Party has "the greatest leader of our times—Dwight D. Eisenhower." Presumably to renominate that leader, the G.O.P. will meet for four days, beginning Aug. 20, 1956, in San Francisco's 16,954-seat Cow Palace.\*

The G.O.P. move came hard on the heels of a Democratic decision to convene again in Chicago, starting either on July 23 or Aug. 13, 1956. The August dates for both parties hinge on whether the election laws of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Ohio, South Dakota and Iowa, requiring early certification of presidential candidates, can be amended (all five states have indicated that the necessary changes will be made).

Both Chicago and Philadelphia bid for the Republican Convention and, like San Francisco, guaranteed \$250,000 to the national committee. But the memory of Philadelphia's sorry hotel accommodations at the 1948 convention lingered on, and Chicago could make no definite commitment to the G.O.P. as to the desired August date. Moreover, Republican leaders had little enthusiasm for the idea of renominating Ike in the hostile heartland

✧ Its original name was the Livestock Pavilion of the No. 1-A District Agricultural Association. But a Depression-days newsmen wrote bitterly: "While people are being evicted from their homes and are walking the streets, a palace for cows is being built in Visitation Valley." Cow Palace it has been, ever since.



Arthur M. Mason

PROTECTIONIST MASON  
To cooperate, reciprocate.

of the Chicago Tribune's isolationist brand of Republicanism.

It would be the first major national political convention in San Francisco since the Democrats nominated James M. Cox and Franklin Delano Roosevelt there in 1920. For years, some Republican leaders (notably Massachusetts' Joe Martin) had promised that the G.O.P. would meet in the west, but never before had it ventured west of Kansas City. For the new kind of Republicanism being fostered by Dwight Eisenhower, Ike men thought, a new convention site was highly appropriate.

In the expectation—and hope—that everything will go smoothly, with Ike accepting the nomination, the Republicans plan only one session a day, from 2 until 7 p.m. (5 to 10 p.m., E.S.T.). Since San Francisco offers some of the nation's choicest restaurants, and topcoats-in-August temperatures ranging from 54° to 64°, the shift met with widespread approval. Exception: the television industry representatives, who say it will cost them \$1,000,000 more than they would spend if both parties met in the same city.

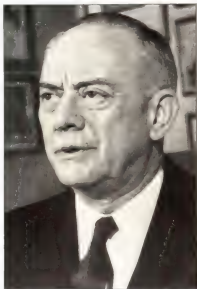
## THE CONGRESS

### Close Shave

"I've heard from the bicycle people, the candy, the textiles, the woolen industries, and the fishing companies," groaned Massachusetts' Democratic Representative Thomas P. O'Neill last week. He was not alone. As the U.S. House of Representatives moved toward consideration of President Eisenhower's liberalized foreign trade bill, protests against it rolled in from the Twisted Jute Packing & Oakum Institute, the Amalgamated Lace Operatives of America, the Cherry Growers & Industries Foundation and hundreds of other interests seeking to hang on to tariff protection.

Because the leadership of both parties went all-out for it, the House finally passed Ike's bill, but only after disclosing deep and bitter resistance to freer foreign trade inside both parties. The bill itself was moderate. As sent to the Senate, it extends the basic reciprocal trade laws until June 30, 1958, and grants the President power to reduce most tariffs by 5% in each of the next three years. For the most part, its opponents acted not on broad general principles but, rather, on each Congressman's political estimate of specific situations in his home district.

The battle revealed two important new aspects of the old issue of tariff policy: the South, historic home of free-trade philosophy, is moving toward industrial protectionism, and one wing of the historically protectionist Republican Party is now committed to freer trade. Protectionism today is seldom defended as it was 50 years ago, as a general philosophy. Today it is an expression of localities, of every Congressman's sensitivity to the pressure groups back home. That is why freer-trade slogans sweep the field of public debate; but when Congress comes



Walter Bennett

FREE TRADER COOPER  
To get along, go along.

face to face with tariff-policy discussion, many a Representative is willing to compromise U.S. world economic leadership for the sake of "just one exception" in favor of an industry in his district.

**Boreheaded.** Trouble broke into the open when members of the Ways & Means Committee appeared before the House traffic cop, the Rules Committee. Tennessee's Democratic Representative Jere Cooper, chairman of the Ways & Means Committee and longtime advocate of reciprocal trade, briefly explained the bill, emphasized its moderation, promised that "there will be no drastic tariff reducing." Cooper asked for the "usual and customary" closed rule, i.e., one that would bar amendments on the House floor but would permit a motion to send the bill back to committee for rewriting.

Opposition flared forthwith. Mississippi's Democratic Representative William Colmer, a Rules committee member from Pascagoula (fisheries, textiles), leaned far back in his chair and drawled: "Isn't it true that a closed rule is really a gag?" Jere Cooper looked hurt, answered the attack with a defense of the trade bill itself. Said he: "The studies show that where a product is in bad shape, it is not so much the tariff rate that is causing it, but normal changes in tastes and customs. The felt-hat industry has complained. Well, it's not the tariff that has hurt them. A lot of people have stopped wearing hats. Just as a lot of people have stopped smoking pipes."

**Leoner.** When Cooper finished, Rules Committee Chairman Howard Smith called on New York's tough-old Republican Representative Dan Reed, the arch-foe of reciprocal trade, to argue against the bill. Asked Reed: "So you want to hear from the little guys first?" Replied Chairman Smith: "There are no little guys in Congress."

Dan Reed took a seat at the foot of

the table. Behind him, under an ornate gold-leaf mirror, sat another staunch protectionist, Illinois' Republican Representative Noah Mason, his cherub cheeks aglow with excitement. Cried Reed: "I formed my opinion about low tariffs as an infant during the Administration of Grover Cleveland. Yes, I formed my opinions when, gentlemen"—Reed paused to glare around the table—"when, gentlemen, I walked miles and miles to sell a dozen eggs for 10¢." His fist crashed down on the table, setting the chandelier above him to tinkling briskly. Illinois' Noah Mason jumped to his feet, laughing and urging Protectionist Reed to heap on the coals.

Reed did. "You talk about foreign trade. Let me remind you, gentlemen, let me remind you of our trade with Italy

back in the '30s. I can still remember how Mussolini's son bragged—bragged mind you—about trade with us, and where did it go? To make bombs to rain down on poor innocent women and children." Down went Reed's fist, papers and pencils flew helter-skelter, and Noah Mason chortled. Mississippi's Colmer, in an artistic piece of understatement, remarked to Reed: "Well, I take it you're opposed to the bill?" Reed replied in kind: "I lean that way." Noah Mason, who knew that Reed was as bitterly opposed to the bill as he, doubled over in laughter, nearly fell off his chair.

**A Stunner.** Congressman followed Congressman in assault on the bill. Cried Illinois' Mason: "Just remember all of those billions we have given away and what good did it do us? All those foreign

countries hate America. Thank God I didn't vote a penny for the giveaway program."

West Virginia's Democratic Representative Cleveland Bailey rambled for 30 minutes, then said: "Now I'll pass on rapidly to the subject at hand." Chairman Smith glanced at the Navy-type, 24-hour clock on the wall, murmured: "Thank you." A few minutes later, Smith called for a vote. His committee approved the closed rule, 8 to 3.

When the bill moved to the House floor, the protectionists of both parties—in revolt against the official leadership of both parties—had their strategy mapped: they would try to kill the closed rule and open the bill to crippling, log-rolling amendments. West Virginia's Bailey led off: "Mr. Speaker, once again the duty

## DWIGHT EISENHOWER, POLITICIAN

### The President Moves in to Reshape the G.O.P.

THE moment Dwight Eisenhower strode into the Congressional Room of Washington's Statler Hotel last week, the members of the Republican National Committee could sense the change in him. When it came to political meetings, Ike had always been a notorious foot-dragger. This time, ready and willing to address the committee's mid-term session, he was obviously a man with a message. Moments later, he took the rostrum to deliver a dart-sharp speech calling for a complete overhaul and rejuvenation of the Republican Party, from precinct captain to panjandrum.

"My political experience is short," said Ike with a quick grin, "but I think most of you would agree it has also been quite intense. I know that underlying every political purpose—every political aspiration and hope—must be work at the precinct level. We must reach the individual. We must convey to him—and to America—the ideals by which we live. . . .

"Next, on top of that kind of work, we must have good candidates. . . . As I see the Republican Party, we have such a wealth of brains, of ability combined with personality, that it is a tragedy in any locality for any of us to push into nomination—from alderman up—someone who doesn't represent the ideals and purposes in which we all believe."

He took time out—"so that our balance of values does not get out of order"—to note that Communists and not Democrats were the principal enemy. "Let's not build up a picture that the worst enemy anyone can have is a Democrat. Far from it; we just don't think they can do as good a job as we do." But midway in his speech, it was clear that Ike has abandoned his famed middle-of-the-road position. ("Too static," explained the White House.) He had toyed, he said, with the idea of calling his kind of Republicanism "progressive moderate." But now he thought that "dynamic conservatism" was the best term: "We are not antediluvian, nor are we trying to be men from Mars."

**Bedrock Conclusions.** When he had finished, the national committeemen pounded the tables in delight. Whispered one committeeman to his neighbor: "Why, that's the first real honest-to-goodness Republican political speech I've heard him make." But the committeemen hadn't heard anything yet: Ike's speech was merely the first public outcropping of some bedrock conclusions that he has reached about politics. Items:

¶ The 1954 congressional election was a vindication of Eisenhower policies, a rebuke to the G.O.P. Old Guard, and a mandate for him to follow his own political instincts.

¶ The Republican Party stands in danger of defeat and ex-

inction if it does not attract more people by becoming more dynamic.

¶ The success or failure of the Eisenhower Administration will have a substantial effect on whether the party survives or dies.

¶ He will no longer try to compromise with the "McCormick wing" of the party.

¶ With the Democrats in control of Congress, he is in a fine position to fight the Old Guard Republicans, i.e., if his program is defeated, the blame will be laid to the Democrats and not to G.O.P. intraparty strife.

¶ Republicans must have attractive, youthful candidates; the only way to get good candidates is for the Eisenhower Republicans to capture control of state G.O.P. machines all down the line.

¶ The time to get going for 1956 is right now.

**Lines of Force.** Eisenhower came to the White House full of humility and with a profound respect for the presidency as an institution. He tried hard to live up to what the institution demanded of him; he was intensely aware of the constitutional line between the two ends of Pennsylvania Avenue; he set up an exemplary staff system to bring the far-flung empire of the Federal Government under administrative control; he professed his faith in the Republican philosophy, but considered it his duty to operate on a plane above partisan struggle.

Ike has since learned that the presidency is something like a magnetic pole. It cannot be neutral; it either attracts or repels, and its lines of force are influential through all of Government. If the White House does not send out lines of force, the various segments of the American system—Congress, party, bureaucracy—swing like so many wandering compass needles to their own petty interests. In short, he discovered that the President cannot be "above politics."

The change shows itself in countless ways. A few months ago he chafed at the restraints and demands on his personal freedom, but now he accepts the restraints as a matter of course because he likes his job. In his personal reading he used to choose western stories for relaxation; he still likes them, but has become engrossed in *The Federalist* papers and in Sandburg's *Abraham Lincoln*. Currently, he is reading Pundit Sam Lubell's *The Future of American Politics*. Ike once made his decisions on the basis of quick written summaries and oral briefings; now he is reading more and more long reports to catch the nuances, often scribbles long notes and suggestions in the margin. In the early days he disliked press conferences; now, sure of what he wants to get across, he has carried the

ected members of the House find themselves under a threat of an undemocratic and un-American gag-rule procedure."

The House seats began to fill up. Republican Leader Joe Martin slouched back in his place, a forefinger pushed up on his temple. Beside him sat G.O.P. Whip Leslie Arends, nervously looking around the chamber. On the Democratic side, Majority Leader John McCormack huddled with aides. When the vote came—on a motion to consider the amendment-barring rule—it was a stunner: the motion was defeated, 207 to 178.

**A Costly Promise.** The protectionist forces moved quickly to consolidate their gain. Ohio's Republican Representative Clarence Brown moved that the bill be left wide open to amendment. But Speaker Rayburn stemmed the tide. He got up

from his chair, walked down the steps to the House well, and standing ramrod straight, spoke into the microphone. Said he: "Only once in the history of the House, in 42 years in my memory, has a bill of this kind and character been considered except under a closed rule . . . So as an old friend to all of you, as a lover of the House of Representatives and its procedures, I ask you to vote down this amendment." Rayburn switched some 15 Democrats, failed to budge a hard core of 80; Brown's amendment lost, 193 to 191.

Then came the final vote on the adoption of the closed rule. Democratic whips scurried into the aisles and cloakrooms for last-second pleas to wavering members. Les Arends, his grey hair ruffled, ran hurriedly around the chamber. John Mc-

Cormack snapped out orders. The rule was finally adopted, 193 to 192.

Voting against the protectionists this time was none other than Arch-Protectionist Dan Reed, who had explained earlier: "Last year, when I had a desperate fight on tax revision and other legislation, the distinguished gentleman from Tennessee [Jere Cooper] was in the minority. I asked him to cooperate with me for a tight rule to get the legislation through. He did it. I told him I would—" Reed came to the hated word, then plunged ahead, "—reciprocate." Reed kept his promise, even though it cost him dearly. His was the deciding vote.

Clarence Brown bit his lower lip, jammed his hands in his pockets and slouched off the House floor. Cleveland Bailey charged into the House well to

presidential press conference to new bounds of influence by opening it to television coverage.

**Soothed Nerves.** Essentially, Dwight Eisenhower is no plunger, and he believed that there were other aspects to his job that had to be settled before he got around to politics. He spent months learning to know and understand the members of his Administration staff, now feels that it is the finest staff ever installed in the White House. He knows his official family as few Presidents in history have known theirs; he listens carefully to all the members of his enlarged Cabinet, has learned that he can lean most heavily on Secretary of State Dulles, Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey, Secretary of Agriculture Benson, Attorney General Brownell and Presidential Assistant Joe Dodge (TIME, Jan. 24).

Eisenhower believes that his team stopped the drift toward more welfare statism, and that it achieved this without dividing the nation and disrupting the economy. He placed a long, coordinated program before Congress, notable for a more rational defense budget than the U.S. had seen for many a day.

Feeling on top of his job has given Ike the confidence to move—quietly. He has an aversion to stirring up unnecessary national crises, has deliberately tried to soothe the nation's nervous system—left jangled and jumpy by an unbroken procession of Truman crises. For example, Ike takes a serious view about provocative incidents such as the shooting down of U.S. planes, but he refuses to get headline-bent about them; he decided not to address a joint session of Congress to make his request for permission to defend Formosa (TIME, Jan. 31), because he did not want to create excitement.

Beyond his dislike of crisis, Ike had another inhibition about politics: like many military men and civilians, he believed that military life has few lessons relevant to civilian politics. Ike in 1953 thought that, as a military man, the complexities of civilian politics were beyond him; this belief strengthened his natural inclination to leave politics to the politicians. Actually, as commander of the Allied forces in Europe in World War II and later as NATO commander, his greatest successes were political. He probably knows more about the intimate political workings of more nations than any other individual in the Western world, including Winston Churchill.

**Stag Dinner.** The results of the 1954 congressional election helped to convince Ike that his political experience and instincts were just as reliable as those of any politician. He decided that the time had come for him to strike hard for the kind of Republican Party that he wanted. First he called in G.O.P. National Chairman Leonard Hall to get the facts straight about the election. Then, one night in mid-December, he gave a stag dinner for a group of his most trusted advisers from the 1952 campaign: Hall, Vice President Dick Nixon, U.N. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, Old Presidential Friend

Lucius Clay, Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield, Deputy President Sherman Adams, Press Secretary Jim Hagerty, ex-White House Assistant C. D. Jackson—along with nine others whose views he respects. After a dinner of steak chateaubriand, they talked strategy over liqueurs in the Red Room until 11:30, well beyond the usual quitting time for Ike's stag dinners.

Soon afterward, the offensive began to roll. Len Hall became a White House regular. Last month Ike appointed Arizona's ex-Governor Howard Pyle as administrative assistant in charge of patronage on federal-state projects. A few days later, he called in Washington's Governor Arthur Langlie to urge him to run against Democrat Warren Magnuson for the Senate in 1956. Last week Ike approved plans to talk personally to every Republican national committeeman, every member of the financial committee, every state chairman, and delegates from every major Republican women's group in the U.S.

**The Obstructors.** There is still one weak spot in the offensive. Ike has not learned to deal with Republicans in Congress as a forceful political strategist. His powers of personal persuasion are strong; his congressional liaison men are shrewd in estimating votes; and his House tacticians, notably Massachusetts' Joe Martin and Indiana's Charlie Halleck, are loyal and effective. But Ike has not developed the feeling for maneuver that made Teddy Roosevelt a master at getting results in Congress.

Bob Taft might have provided that kind of leadership. Without it the powerful senior Republicans, particularly in the Senate, still run things to suit their own conveniences. The Old Guard Republican leaders do not seem to be trying to take over the party. Rather, they snipe or obstruct without any apparent sense of party responsibility or direction. Minority Leader Bill Knowland, New Hampshire's Styles Bridges, Illinois' Everett Dirksen, Ohio's John Bricker and Colorado's Eugene Millikin virtually ignore the President as a leader of Congress. He makes no effort to punish them for so doing.

**Flanking Movement.** But if Ike sticks to his present political line, he could conceivably outflank the Old Guards and their friends without a pitched battle. He has powerful weapons on his side. He is far more sensitive to the mood of the nation than the Old Guards are. He is devastatingly effective on television. Moreover, if he chooses to run in 1956, he will be in a strong position to dictate the G.O.P. platform and influence the selection of delegates.

Concretely, the recent changes in Eisenhower's own definition of his job have almost certainly put him in a position where he must run again in 1956. Personally, he would rather not do so, but once he became impressed with the urgency of reforming his party—and through it the Government—the decision to run in 1956 became all but inevitable.



register a technical protest. He was overruled. Les Arends, leaving the chamber with sweat dripping from his forehead, sighed: "And they say we don't earn our pay."

**Blunt Word.** Next day came the climactic battle. Dan Reed moved to send the bill back to committee, with instructions for a provision that would set reciprocal trade back 20 years by requiring that the President follow all Tariff Commission recommendations except in cases where the national security is involved. The Eisenhower Administration, alert to the appeal of the Reed move and fearful over the outcome, offered a compromise. "No," snorted Dan Reed. "We'll vote it up or down." Sam Rayburn had had a score of freshmen Democrats in for breakfast and had passed the word: "If you want to get along, go along."

More than 20 members addressed the House. Party lines were wiped out. Tennessee's Democratic Representative Ross Bass lashed the Republicans for not supporting the bill. As he spoke, Democratic Representative James C. Davis (who has a textile mill in his Stone Mountain, Ga. district) was conferring with Dan Reed about beating it, while Republican Joe Martin had crossed the aisle to consult with Democrat Jere Cooper.

**Last Gasp.** Old Noah Mason bellowed down the aisle to the lectern. He began by saying he had not intended to speak at all—the House roared with laughter. The debate wore on, until Joe Martin arose and walked slowly to the microphone, pulled several papers from his inside coat pocket, looked at the sea of House faces and said: "A little while ago, the President handed me a letter. With your indulgence I will read it."

In a quiet voice, Martin read Eisenhower's letter, which 1) promised that there will be no drastic tariff cuts, and 2) said that "I deeply believe that the national interest calls for enactment of this measure."

West Virginia's Cleveland Bailey made one last stand for protectionism, but he was beaten—and he knew it. He told the House he would not use the entire ten minutes that had been allotted him. The House applauded. Bailey uttered a last-gasp snarl: "I don't see how the President can really be very much concerned about it. The ticker just carried the word that he is going out to Burning Tree to play golf."

Finally, the House voted on Dan Reed's motion to recommit. When the roll had been called, it seemed that the protectionists had won, 201 to 200. But Joe Martin, Indiana's Charles Halleck, and Les Arends had too many outstanding political IOUs to let themselves be beaten in a vote that close. New York's Republican Representative Katharine St. George switched her vote to nay. So did Illinois' G.O.P. Representative Harold Velde. Others followed, and the Reed move was rejected, 206 to 199. The final vote on passage of the trade bill was an anticlimax. The count: 295 for, 110 against.

## THE ADMINISTRATION Paper Doll

Time was when the U.S. bureaucracy measured its girth in red tape. Nowadays the proper measure is paper (only a few yards of red tape are still used each year, mainly to bind treaties). This week a Hoover Commission task force estimated that the Government's paper work is costing the taxpayers \$4 billion a year. By economizing in carbon copies, cutting down on gobbledygook and other reforms, the task force reckoned the Government could save a tidy \$255 million annually.

**Miles of Files.** Easily the biggest item in Washington's paper problem is mail. Each working day the Government's typewriters and duplicating machines click out 4,000,000 letters at the rate of 139 a second. In a year's time the flow



MONA SHEPPARD  
Nix on finfolizing.

swells to 1 billion letters. Average cost: \$1 per letter. In the year 1912, the average Government worker wrote 55 official letters; in 1954 the average worker wrote 522. Some 750,000 U.S. employees do nothing but paper work.

As its chief correspondence investigator, the Hoover group wisely chose tall and talented Mona Sheppard, who has been trying for years to simplify and improve the style of Government letters, and to reduce the almost endless files (24 million cu. ft. of them in 2,000,000 file cabinets—enough to stretch in a single drawer from the Pentagon to the Kremlin). Among the task-force recommendations is a new correspondence style board with authority over letter-perfection in every nook and cranny of the Government. Likeliest candidate for chairman: Mona Sheppard.

At 48, Mona is the Government's No. 1 expert on letters. Her pamphlet on style, her precoded form paragraphs, and her mail-room short cuts are standard in many

Government offices. Her nix-list of 150 avoidable words and phrases is well known to Washington letter writers. Samples: *Held in abeyance* (wait is better), *at the earliest possible moment* ("this may be the moment the letter arrives"), *Analyze*, (a "manufactured" word), *in the near future* ("say soon"), *attached please find* ("attached is adequate").

**Jingles & Backlogs.** As a girl, Mona Sheppard came out of the University of Alabama with big plans for becoming a poetess, but when she found she was most successful at selling jingles to a greeting-card company, she got a job with the Treasury as a correspondence clerk and devoted herself to belles-lettres, government style. In time she became the top expert on managing the enormous correspondence programs of Government agencies. Four years ago she went to work for the National Archives, as a troubleshooter who ranged all over the Government improving the flow of words and mail.

In 1953 when the regional commissioner of Internal Revenue asked for funds for 47 new employees to help catch up with a backlog of 50,000 letters in Baltimore, he got Mona instead. She revamped the Baltimore office's correspondence system, reduced the backlog to 3,000 letters without hiring a single new employee, and saved the Government \$157,200 a year. The Sheppard system is now being adopted by all 64 district offices of the Internal Revenue Service, will ultimately save the taxpayers \$5,500,000 a year.

In her spare time Mona collects great letters of famous writers (her favorites: Abraham Lincoln, Walter Hines Page), but is unable to keep up her own personal correspondence. Explains Mona: "I just can't bring myself to write personal letters of my own."

## WEATHER

Xenia, Yvonne & Zelda

In George R. Stewart's 1947 novel, *Storm*, a young meteorologist named the low-pressure areas on his map after girls (the stormiest: Maria). The U.S. Weather Bureau has since tagged feminine names on hurricanes. This year, to avoid repeating the names of three memorable 1954 hurricanes (Carol, Edna and Hazel), the bureau decided on a new list of names.

"People may think it's an easy job," said Norman Hagen, a bureau planning official, "but it isn't." He could not use names of states (Georgia) or cities (Charlotte, Myrtle) or months (May, June), or names indicating weather (Gail) or time of day (Dawn, Eve).

Last week, after consulting several handbooks (including *What Shall We Name the Baby?*), Hogan and helpers put out the new 1955 list of hurricane names: Alice, Brenda, Connie, Diane, Edith, Flora, Gladys, Hilda, Ione, Janet, Katie, Linda, Martha, Nelly, Orva, Peggy, Queenie, Rosa, Stella, Trudy, Ursula, Verna, Wilma, Xenia, Yvonne and Zelda. Only holdover: Alice, used because an out-of-season hurricane arrived before its name was chosen.



# FOREIGN NEWS

## THAILAND

### Appointment in Bangkok

This week in Bangkok, the gaily colored, spike-towered capital of Thailand, eight non-Communist nations with vital interests in Southeast Asia are gathering to decide on practical measures for blocking further Communist expansion in that uneasy area.

The pact that brought them together is the Southeast Asia Collective Defense Treaty (which the U.S. State Department would like to have called the Manila Pact, though popular usage persistently makes it SEATO). It was formally ratified and put into force in Manila last week, uniting three stoutly anti-Communist Asian nations—Thailand, the Philippines and Pakistan—with powerful overseas friends: the U.S., Britain, France, Australia and New Zealand. Meeting in Bangkok, the eight will:

¶ Set up a mutual defense organization. Australia and the Philippines want a firm military structure and precise military commitments. The British want merely a secretariat, and the U.S. position is somewhat similar. The British, acutely aware of the vulnerability of Malaya since the fall of Dienbienphu, are already building jet air bases and plan to transfer the Australian garrison from Suez to Malaya. The British would like Singapore to be GHQ of the treaty organization, but may yield to the U.S. preference for Bangkok or Manila, either of which would avoid the stigma of colonialism attaching to Singapore.

¶ Discuss means of combating internal Communist subversion. Malaya, the Philippines and Thailand, which already have extensive experience with Communist fifth columns, will exchange information with other members. A police training program will be set up.

¶ Keep an eye on Cambodia, Laos and South Viet Nam, which are not treaty members but whose independence is de-

clared to be a specific objective of SEATO.

¶ Organize economic aid for Southeast Asia. The aim: to raise living standards by fostering economic development. Thailand and the Philippines would like to get preferential economic treatment for having signed the treaty. The British, who are already, through the Colombo Plan, giving economic aid to Asian nations (India, Pakistan, Burma, Ceylon) irrespective of their political color, prefer to continue that way. The U.S., too, prefers to distribute its own aid unilaterally.

After hours, Dulles and Anthony Eden (whose trip to the Far East is the first ever made by a British Foreign Secretary while still in office) will take up Topic A, having come halfway around the world to resume the debate on ground close to Formosa (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

### Clean-Up, Paint-Up

"This is the most wonderful time we've had since the last royal cremation," exclaimed a happy Siamese building contractor as he gazed about him in Bangkok last week. Thailand's carefree, colorful capital was in an unaccustomed fever of activity. On every side, under a blazing tropical sun, builders, bricklayers, tile setters, linemen, street sweepers and landscape gardeners were laboring, at a cost of perhaps \$2,000,000, to ready their city for the arrival of the great men of SEATO (see above). The government of soft-spoken Strongman Marshal Pibul Songram, warm advocate of the West, hoped that the new treaty organization might even choose Bangkok as its permanent home.

A few jaundiced observers wondered whether Bangkok would not do better to spend its energy to clean up its politics rather than its streets. Contented and traditionally independent (more than 700 years), Thailand is the only frankly pro-Western ally along the southeast border of Red China. But its government is also autocratic and corrupt. Communist propa-

ganda makes heavy capital of these facts, but for the most part the amiable Siamese themselves, generally smiling and invariably well-fed, seem not to give a hoot.

**Uplifted Face.** The U.S., which channels millions in aid to the Pibul government, and U.S. businessmen who sell their shiny products and soft drinks in Thailand's hospitable atmosphere, also seem content to let things ramble along in their amiable Siamese way. (Since Bangkok has become a kind of focal point for U.S. activity in Southeast Asia, no American has any standing whatever in Bangkok society if he is not rumored to work for the CIA.)

Last week, as Siamese energy and money combined to lift the face of Bangkok: telephone poles were uprooted along all of the city's main roads and moved back to make the cluttered highways passable to the expected influx of conference limousines. Eighty thousand flowering shrubs were brought in from the countryside and planted along roads and canals with, as one Siamese paper put it, "express orders to bloom when the visitors arrived." Early in the week Bangkok's fast-cracking Public Works Chief Luang Burakam decided that the main street before the great former royal palace where the conference is to be held needed some fountains. He got off a cable to Germany, and before one could say Prajadhipok, workmen were installing gleaming, white, multi-tiered jobs which had arrived by air freight.

**Dying Flies.** Twenty miles out of town, workmen were frantically erecting a village of prefab houses for the conference hangers-on. In the lobby of Bangkok's Trocadero Hotel, where the bigwigs are to stay, painters laid new colors on walls, ceiling and passing guests. In the upper stories, a grim-faced "sanitation engineer," armed with a huge, mechanical flit-gun, mowed down his enemies by the thousands. "The flies are dying," cracked one pre-conference resident, "like hotel guests."

In a matter of days, a score of bridges



BANGKOK FROM THE MENAM RIVER

Mechanical flit-guns, fountains by air freight, and shrubs that bloom to order.

Dimitri Kessel—LIFE

were resurfaced and the mud's pathways along Bangkok's Suriwong Road were transmuted into well-paved sidewalks. To "avoid embarrassing incidents," the city's numberless pervers had been rounded up. And as a further concession to the dignity of the visitors, Bangkok's mothers were ordered not to let their children run naked through the streets while the conference lasted.

## Orchids for the Secretary

Who killed King Ananda Mahidol? For close to nine years, Siamese have asked the question—privately, over the tinkle of thousands of teacups; publicly, in one of the longest murder hearings in history. On the morning of June 9, 1946, the young King (elder brother of the present popular, jazz-composing King Phumiphon Adunet) was found in his bed with a bullet hole through his forehead and a .45 near his hand. Soon afterward, the then Premier, Pridi Phanomyong, announced that the King had killed himself accidentally.

A year later there was a small revolution. Marshal Phibun Songram, Pridi's ancient rival in the seaway of Siamese politics, took over as Premier and charged that Pridi himself was responsible for the King's murder. (Pridi has since turned up in Peking, leading a "Free Thai" movement blessed by the Communists.) In the years that followed, successive courts of inquiry tried to fix the blame for the King's death on other guilty parties to no positive avail.

Last week, in the midst of Bangkok's frenetic pre-conference housecleaning, the Phibun government did its best to remove the skeleton from Ananda's closet by executing three Siamese vaguely convicted of "complicity" in his murder. The three were the late King's pages, Busya Patamasirind, 50, and Chit Singhaseni, 44, who discovered the body, and the King's former secretary, Chaliew Pathumros, who had been fired a month before the King's death. At 5 o'clock one morning last week, fortified with a final bottle of orange squash apiece, the three were led into the execution pavilion at Bangkok Prison. Their hands were clasped together in the traditional Buddhist greeting and lashed to an upright pole. In each upraised hand, prison guards placed a ceremonial candle, joss sticks and a garland of small, pink Siamese orchids. Then a dark blue curtain was dropped behind each victim and the executioner fired a burst from his machine gun.

That morning Police Chief General Phao Srihanond had dropped by for a last chat with Private Secretary Chaliew, his comrade-in-arms during an anti-government coup back in 1932. "Good-bye, old comrade," said the general as machine-gun slugs tore into his friend. After ten rounds, Chaliew was dead. It took ten more rounds before the prison doctor pronounced Chit dead, and 20 full rounds for Busya. But at last the execution was done, the closet was tidy, and only one question remained unanswered: Who killed King Ananda?

# FRENCH ASSEMBLY

## The Curse of Fractions

TWO weeks after the fall of Pierre Mendès-France, France was still without a government. President Coty had gone to the right and gone to the left: three men (Antoine Pinay, Pierre Pflimlin and Christian Pineau) had failed to satisfy the Assembly; this week a fourth, Edgar Faure (Mendès-France's Finance Minister), was trying, and once again the air was filled with the bickering, squabbling and jockeying that characterizes the National Assembly of the Fourth Republic.

Snapped the left-wing *Combat*: "This absurd regime dishonors France, submits her to ridicule abroad, and is pushing her toward catastrophe."

Man for man, few legislatures can equal the men of the French Assembly for wit, eloquence and intelligence. Many of its leaders are honored veterans of the French Resistance. Why are these courageous men unable, despite themselves, to give France a stable government?

The answer is simple, but not helpful: France is deeply distrustful of a strong government. Too frequently and too recently, Frenchmen have had to man the barricades against oppression. Since 1789 France has lived under four republics, two emperors, one consulate, one directorate and three monarchies. In the France of the peasant and the *petit bourgeois*, where the bell jangles on the shop door as the customer enters, there is a deep-seated "incurisisme," an indifference to and distrust of any government at all. The designers of the Fourth Republic (1946) provided what France wanted; a legislative body with absolute control over any executive, however strong his personality, and an electoral system which made it sure that no one party could obtain a decisive majority.

By Will, by Whim. The result is an Assembly of 627 Deputies who agree on nothing but their own prerogatives—among them the power to overturn, at will or at whim, 15 governments in the last nine years. Once elected for their five-year terms, the Deputies are assured of tenure. If they are careful not to bring down two governments within 18 months by constitutional (314 votes) majorities—which they can and do avoid by close collaboration among themselves—there is no power in France, least of all a Premier, who can force them to face the voters. When they vote disapproval, they risk nothing but the Premier's neck—and France's reputation.

The French (and their Deputies) pride themselves on their individuality, and excel in lucid definition of their differences. Besides the antagonisms of farmer v. townsman, big business v. small business,

worker v. industrialist, France suffers from an older, more stubborn and more pervasive division—the division between clerical and anticlerical. It is a division which makes two parties where there could have been one, which splits the non-Communist left into anticlerical Socialists and pro-Catholic M.R.P., the non-Gaullist right into secularist Radical Socialists and religiousist Independents.

Sprawled around the semicircle of red-cushioned seats in the Palais Bourbon are six main groupings and a pivotal splinter.

¶ Communists: Polling almost 5,000,000 votes and mustering 98 Deputies, the French Communist Party is second only to Italy's in the West. Like a huge, teetering rock, it looms menacingly over every possible government, forces any coalition to muster three out of every five non-Communist Deputies to its support.

¶ Socialists: With 105 Deputies, the largest party in the Assembly. Rigidly doctrinaire, they often seem to have defined their doctrine first, only then invited supporters—an attitude that has left them supported chiefly by schoolteachers and civil servants. Afraid that any willingness to compromise would lose them votes to the Communists, they supported but did not join the Mendès-France government.

¶ Democratic and Socialist Resistance Union (U.D.S.R.): A small party (24 votes) of "notables," strong in their local areas but with no following among the electorate as a whole—a "general staff without troops." Swinging between the Socialists and the Radical Socialists, "too well placed to be ignored and too small to be feared," U.D.S.R. is torn by the personal rivalry of René Pleven (a leading "European" and a personal enemy of Mendès) and ambitious young François Mitterrand, a brilliant orator and resistance hero who was Mendès' Minister of the Interior.

¶ Radical Socialists: The party that largely governed France from 1902 to World War II, its 76 Deputies are highly individual strongmen, linked loosely by faith in science and progress and an antipathy to the church. "Radicalism is only the political expression of rationalism," explains Edouard Herriot, its grand old man. Comprised of small businessmen, provincial lawyers and professional men, it includes extreme leftists and reactionaries, dynamic men like Mendès-France and sleepy-eyed Henri Queuille, the farmers' friend and father of *immobilisme*.

¶ Popular Republicans (M.R.P.): Founded at war's end as France's Christian Democratic Party, it is a vehicle for socially progressive Roman Catholicism, has 85 Deputies. Most "European" of all

## VIET NAM

### Test at Camau

Under the terms of Geneva, the Viet Minh Communists must get out of their old positions in South Viet Nam in phased withdrawals just as the French are gradually pulling out in the north. A fortnight ago the time came for the Communists to leave Camau (pop. 900,000), an area the size of Connecticut on the southern tip of free South Viet Nam. The Communists had ruled Camau since 1945, and when their 30,000 troops moved off north in Russian and Polish transports, they left a sharp test for South Viet Nam's Premier Ngo Dinh Diem. Premier Diem's 12,000 incoming Nationalist troops had to get effective control of a remote swampland, criss-crossed by bayous, devastated by war, undermined by Communist stay-behind agents, infiltrated by hostile troops of the Hoa Hao, a religious sect. Diem's Nationalists also had to start making convincing democratic answers to Camau's ten years of Communist indoctrination.

**Tension in the Village.** In Bahoi, a Camau community of 150 thatched huts beside a canal, it took an incoming Vietnamese lieutenant half an hour to muster up 150 villagers. The men stood impassively around him; the women peered out from shadows. "Among you are people friendly to the Viet Minh," the lieutenant said, "but look at the poverty and disease around you . . . The Viet Minh do nothing for the people. The Viet Minh are only interested in themselves and in bloodshed." The lieutenant's men began to hand out paper Vietnamese flags. Filipino doctors showed off wonder drugs and offered treatment. Loudspeakers blared out lively Vietnamese songs.

"Our history begins a new chapter," the Nationalist leaflets asserted. "All for People. All for Country, under Premier Diem!" TIME Correspondent John Mecklin asked one Camau villager, however, who Diem was. "Don't know." Had he heard of Communist Ho Chi Minh? "He's President." Had he heard of the U.S.? "The Viet Minh say you're all capitalists." What's a capitalist? "They make people poor."

**Wreath on the Monument.** Gingly Diem's young Nationalist army moved step by step more deeply into Camau—the towns first, then the villages, then out by powered boats along the bayous. They had been carefully briefed (with U.S. assistance). No French were anywhere to be seen, and no mention was made of the absentee chief of state, Bao Dai. Communist agents had urged villagers not to listen to Diem's Nationalist talk, not to accept his food parcels, not to put their fish on the market, thereby forcing prices up. Yet Diem's confident beginning soon showed remarkable gains. The Hoa Hao sect, outnumbered, lay quiet. Out of the swamps came 1,000 deserters from the Communist army, to join Diem.

"We are here to bring you something better than the oppression you have suffered," Diem kept repeating as he toured Camau in person at week's end. "You

parties, its leaders, Robert Schuman (father of the Coal-Steel Community) and Georges Bidault (now somewhat discredited for his vendetta against Mendès-France), shared the Foreign Ministry until the advent of Mendès. Its young, rising star is Pierre Pflimlin, called "a Mendès-France who goes to Mass." Close to the Socialists on most issues, the two are fiercely opposed on state subsidies for Roman Catholic schools—a burning issue.

¶ **Independents:** A loose grouping including the Independent Republicans and Peasants, its 105 Deputies represent big landowners, conservative businessmen, winegrowers and farmers. The Independents are divided by their Catholicism from the Radical Socialists. The party's grand old man is 76-year-old Paul Reynaud, who was Premier when France fell, but its real leader is dapper Antoine Pinay, the "man with the face of a voter" who gave France its first conservative postwar government.

¶ **Gaullists:** Until 1952, the Gaullists were single-minded: no coalition government was acceptable that did not move toward a strong executive. Leftist on economic questions and sturdy champions of the church, they were dedicated to a strong imperial France and to hostility to Germany in Europe. Now split and losing strength (34 members of the conservative wing splintered off in 1952), the remaining 72 loyalists are led by tough young Jacques Soustelle.

**Left & Further Left.** Even the seating occasions disputes: in France, everyone wants to sound "left," if only for election purposes. Even right-wing candidates are apt to call themselves Independent Socialists. The Gaullists protested wildly against being seated on the extreme right. The acrimony between the Radical Socialists and the M.R.P. was solved only when the M.R.P. got an L-shaped seating pattern whose toe extended leftward across the front of the Radical benches.

Since all parties are condemned to being permanent minorities, they dare not alienate the special groups on which they chiefly depend. Socialists must always demand more favors for civil servants, and Independents always refuse any reform of the farm support system. The M.R.P. sturdily supported Pinay's 1952 government until he tried to take a sliver off family allowances, for which the party, as Catholic spokesman, feels itself a special champion. Thus, a government falls because of the accumulation of differences—not with its enemies—but with its friends.

**The Interests.** Cutting across all party lines are the special interests, which flourish in a body where a government's very life depends on the swing of 10 or 20 votes. Biggest is the alcohol lobby, which keeps French winegrowers, beet farmers and distillers producing twice the alcohol the French can drink and forces the gov-

ernment to buy the surplus at four times the world price. The North African lobby, run by Senator Henri Borgeaud, took alarm when Mendès tried to reduce the *colons'* control of the local police. As a result, Algeria's René Mayer and 19 other Radical Socialists deserted their own Premier and brought his downfall.

Then there are personal ambitions. Whenever a government begins to totter, many a Deputy is willing to give it the last shove because he wonders: "Why shouldn't I become a Cabinet Minister?" Nearly one out of every four Deputies in the Assembly has been a Minister.

Each party's Deputies weigh the exact amount of support they can afford to give a government to acquire credit and avoid blame with their followings, whether to keep it in by abstention, to vote for it without joining it, to join it but criticize it, or to join on condition that the party gets a choice ministry.

**Blue, White, or Both.** Such niceties are reflected in the voting system. Votes are taken by depositing in an urn cards bearing the Deputy's name—white for yes, blue for no, both cards for abstention. But a Deputy does not have to be present to vote, and even if he is, he customarily lets his party leader deposit his vote. By judiciously mixing "yes," "nays" and "abstains," a party leader can calculate just what degree of approval to render a policy, how to rebuke a Premier with an insultingly small majority, how to bring him down without taking the blame. If the leader needs more time to assess the situation, he simply drops in duplicate ballots for several Deputies, which forces a recount. Before every important vote, the Assembly adjourns so that each party can decide on the "dosage," at which the Radicals are the admitted masters.

The total result is that nothing much gets done. It reduces progressive Frenchmen to despair and to a cynical conviction that nothing can ever be done. But it suits provincial "static" France very well. And impatient critics who argue that all France needs is a good two-party system forget the bitter cleavages of French life. If France were divided now into a Left and Right Party, the Left would be dominated, in all probability, by the Communists. In French eyes, a multi-party system is exasperating, but safer.

Besides, in France the sun shines, the grapes grow, and life can be good. France, the cynics say, is a tranquil country with agitated legislators. The indifferent tranquillity would be fine if there were no injustices to be redressed, no problems of poverty and inequality, no stultifying complex of restrictive and anachronistic business practices that need to be put right, and no deteriorating situation in North Africa. The system "works" because France has chosen to default on its proper place in the world.

have many needs: I shall do my best." Gradually the indoctrinated and indifferent villagers grew more receptive. Premier Diem, however, did not underrate the ingrained tenacity of Viet Minh Communism. One day one of Diem's Nationalist soldiers accidentally kicked over a wreath the Viet Minh had left behind on a monument to their dead. A young Camau kid quietly stepped out from a group of passers-by and, unafraid, laid the wreath back in its place.

## ITALY

### Saintly Requisition

To his admirers, Florence's bustling, bespectacled little Mayor Giorgio la Pira is a latter-day Francis of Assisi. Not only does Giorgio sometimes talk to the birds and the bees; he lives in a monastery cell, and often gives the clothes from his back, the food from his plate and money from his flat purse to the poor (TIME, June 7). A Christian Democrat, he broke the Reds' grip on the Florence city administration four years ago. Some of his fellow Christian Democrats, however, shudder at where his charitable philosophy sometimes takes him.

Last week Giorgio la Pira turned his attention to the plight of about 115 workers in the creaky Delle Cure Foundry on the outskirts of Florence, which makes pipe and other cast-iron products. Since it was started in 1933, in a dingy, damp building now 87 years old, the foundry has limped along, losing money most of the time. Its equipment is ancient and its labor force, since World War II, has always been too big. In 1952 the owners went bankrupt, automatically closing shop. But the foundry wound up in the hands of trustees, and kept going, after a fashion, on a \$25,000 government grant.

Early this year the trustees gave up, closed down again, prepared to sell the property for demolition. But the workers staged a sit-in strike, demanding that the government take over the plant and save their jobs. Since 70% of them are Communists, they directed their appeal primarily to the Communist Party. Last week none other than Mayor la Pira drove up to the old building, formally requisitioned the foundry for the city of Florence, handed the workers checks totaling \$1,600 and told them to keep working. The workers thereupon chose a 26-year-old Communist among them to be their boss.

The legality of Giorgio's requisition was, to put it mildly, highly dubious. As justification for it, Lawyer la Pira cited an 1865 law empowering requisition in case of disaster, and a similar clause in the present constitution—ignoring the fact that the intent in both cases was for the national government to take over, not a municipality. Communists uttered cheers and huzzahs, the right-wing Socialists passed a resolution of approval, and Tuscany's industrialists, who hate La Pira, denounced him. La Pira might gain more popularity, they sputtered, but he had achieved it by adding one more uneco-

nomic industry to the government tax burden, a practice already too widespread in Italy. The ponderous Christian Democratic Party, embarrassed by La Pira's act, decided it had best not publicly disapprove it. Said Milan's influential *Corriere della Sera*: "Neither the previous Communist administration of Florence nor any other mayor of the extreme left . . . has ever dared to take such an extreme measure."

## FRANCE

### Loulou

"Look out for Loulou," was a warning often whispered in the Paris underworld when chunky Louis Métra was chief of the Vice and Narcotic Brigade. A Parisian cop since 1925, "Loulou" Métra, a mild, tactful and polite fellow, had an insidious talent for winning the confidence of shady characters. The labyrinths of Parisian vice



EX-INSPECTOR MÉTRA

Opium smokers are delicious people.

be what they are. Loulou was also skillful at extricating prominent citizens from embarrassing situations. Once he got the delicate task of recovering a royal jewel impulsively presented by a visiting foreign prince to a professional homosexual. Loulou had the bauble back safe in its rightful owner's hands within two hours, with no one the wiser. On one of his visits to Montmartre, he rounded up the notorious Mancuso brothers, international dope peddlers who presumably held the Paris concession from that great cartel of dope, Lucky Luciano.

While relentlessly pursuing international drug traffickers, however, Louis Métra confessed a romantic sympathy for the addicts—especially artists, writers and wealthy thrill-seekers—who bought their goods. "My curiosity is renewed each time I watch an opium smoker going through the rite," he once said. "It is like

a priest venerating a divinity. The bluish smoke goes up like incense dedicated to some ethereal goddess. Opium smokers are delicate, delicious people."

In 1948 Chief Inspector Louis Métra retired from the force and set up practice as a private detective, and most of the Paris underworld breathed easier. Many of Louis' old friends among the drug addicts continued to visit him at his new office below Montmartre. They visited him so regularly, in fact, that Louis' former colleagues became suspicious. One day last fall, armed with a telescope, police in an apartment across the street watched two known female addicts drop in on Louis and pick up a large package. They followed the women back to their apartment and caught them busily boiling down a batch of opium. There was still no direct proof that Métra had provided the opium, but the police kept watching and waiting. The watching was doubly difficult since Métra knew all the cop tricks, and it would not do to trail him in the familiar black Citroën.

Last week the cops got all the evidence they needed. Louis Métra parked his car on the fashionable Boulevard Suchet, got out and walked a few feet, then satisfied that he was not being followed, returned to his car for a small package of opium for a nobleman in a nearby apartment. At this point, the cops jumped out of their Buick convertible, caught him with the goods and arrested the onetime foe of Parisian vice for dope peddling.

## GERMANY

### Reckless Opposition

It was the bitter, contentious week before *Der Tag* (Feb. 24), the day when the West German Bundestag opens its final debate on German rearmament. Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, secure in his huge parliamentary majority, was "100% certain" that the Paris accords would be ratified. Yet he and his Cabinet colleagues were stumping the countryside, pleading with the German people to abide by the Parliament's decision and accept the call to arms when it came. Crosscussing the Chancellor's path and blackening his policies were the Social Democrats (SPD) in full cry. The Socialists' aim: to postpone German rearmament until they can talk over German reunification with the Russians.

**Riots & Petitions.** The campaign on both sides provoked passions that boded no good for German democracy. Bruisers stood on guard at Socialist meetings; admission to Adenauer's meetings was by ticket only, to keep out hecklers. In some towns rivals clashed, and the police used batons and hoses. There were near riots in Frankfurt: in West Berlin cops arrested 239 out of a gang of 500 who they tried to break up at a Christian Democratic meeting presided over by the Vice Chancellor of West Germany, Franz Blücher.

The rough stuff was often provoked by Communists, many of them brought in specially from the East zone. The Reds

also imported French Communist Jacques Duclos to warn German audiences against German militarism and to promise, in the name of France, that the Paris accords would never be ratified. But though the Communists talked furiously, it was the massive Socialist campaign that was doing the most harm. In town after town, the SPD was whipping up German youths to riot against rearmament, circulating petitions and questionnaires whose loaded questions (gist: Do you want unity or do you want war?) led Konrad Adenauer to exclaim that these were the same techniques used by the Nazis and Communists.

The Socialist case against rearmament involves holding out a hope of Soviet generosity and good faith which many Socialists know to be irresponsible. But to the motley coalition of pacifists, patriots, militant trade unionists, left-wing Protestant pastors, wishful thinkers, Marxist intellectuals and East zone refugees who make up the SPD, the oversimplified cry of *Einheit Deutschlands* (German unity) has a ringing appeal. The Socialists' late leader, Kurt Schumacher, an embittered hulk after the Nazis endlessly roughed him up in concentration camps, left behind a sour political testament: "Never again must the Socialists be caught being less nationalistic than their opponents." That advice is being meticulously followed by the bewildered and small men like Erich Ollenhauer who have taken Schumacher's place.

**Ado about Dialectics.** On the surface, the SPD seems rich, powerful and united. It has a distinguished history of resistance to oppression (both Bismarck and Hitler outlawed it and jailed its leaders). In the 1953 general election, the SPD won close to 8,000,000 votes (28.8% of the total); it has 600,000 dues-paying members and the powerful support of the Trade Union Federation (membership: 6,000,000). But

since Schumacher died, the SPD has been bankrupt of ideas and of the men and the drive to apply them. It opposes out of habit, for the sake of opposition.

Founded in 1869 by a Prussian (August Bebel) and a Hessian pacifist (Wilhelm Liebknecht), the SPD is still doctrinally Marxist, making much ado about dialectics, red flags and the greeting "comrade." The Socialists say they are pro-Western, but they oppose German membership in the West European Union; they are stoutly anti-Communist, yet they line up on Moscow's side in its fight against the Paris accords. At a time when West Germany, and most, though not all, of its workers are enjoying unprecedented prosperity, the SPD still tends to couch its cries for social justice in obsolete Marxist phrases which catch no fire.

**Tug of Left & Right.** Since Schumacher's death, a band of progressive reformers on the Socialist right wing have



CARLO SCHMID  
Reformer on the right.

cialist voters of East Germany can vote for the SPD. To get those votes, and with them German unity, Wehner is willing to offer the Soviet Union almost any price, including a totally—militarily, politically and economically—neutralized Germany.

Western diplomats are candid in their distrust of Herbert Wehner, and of the interests he serves. They see him as an evil grey eminence in the SPD. But as the shrill Socialist campaign against the Paris accords spread across Germany last week, there could be little doubt that the counsels of Herbert Wehner are in the ascendancy in the party hierarchy.

## GREECE

### Unwelcome Home

During the Greek civil war (1946-49), when Communists burned, looted and terrorized in northern Greece, the Reds kidnapped some 40,000 Greeks and carried them off to the satellite countries. The prisoners are now beginning to come back. The move began as a trickle from Yugoslavia (now Greece's ally), then more came from Hungary, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria. By last week the number of refugees repatriated by the Communists had reached 3,600.

They presented an unexpected problem. Though in other parts of the world hundreds of thousands of refugees had chosen to live in squalor and misery rather than live under Communism, few of the returned Greeks seemed happy to be back in their own country.

For one thing, not many of the Greek repatriates actually went home. Most of their villages were destroyed in the war. They are billeted in Epirus and Macedonia, which are two of the poorest regions in a poor country. The repatriates have not enough to eat, and no employment. Under their Communist masters,



ERICH OLLENHAUER  
Little man in the middle.

sought to change the party's ways. Led by able, French-born Professor Carlo Schmid, a potholed *bon vivant*, the reformers want the SPD to junk 1) its aging bureaucrats, and 2) its Marxist jargon. The party, says Schmid, should move to the right so as to attract the votes of small shopkeepers and professional men.

But Party Leader Ollenhauer, a good-natured ineffectual, has been increasingly mesmerized by the party's extreme left wing. The leading light on the left is pipe-smoking Herbert Wehner, 48, a devious, rambunctious orator and former Communist (1927-43). Wehner prefers to move quietly in the background of the SPD, whispering his neutralist notions into Ollenhauer's hospitable ear, bombarding the party executive with confidential memos.

Wehner sees no hope of the Socialists winning an election until the predominantly Protestant and presumed-to-be So-



HERBERT WEHNER  
Evil eminence on the left.



they were adequately clothed and housed and fed so long as they worked hard and did not rebel. In advanced countries like Czechoslovakia, some had also learned trades which, in northern Greece, they cannot play.

In Kastoria 217 repatriates, sent back last year from Rumania and Czechoslovakia, are living wretchedly in four ramshackle stone buildings. Each got 150 drachmas (\$5) from the government the day he arrived in Greece, nothing since. Last week in Kastoria, a worn woman of 55 cooked a pot of beans—a meal for eleven people—while unemployed men sat silently on crates and battered luggage. The crates contained new bicycles, radios and sewing machines—presented to the departing repatriates by the Communists and carried into Greece as effective propaganda material. Some of the shiny merchandise had already been sold for food.

Two youths repatriated to a village in the Grammos Mountains have declared their intention of returning to Hungary. Other young people have been talking about how good things were under the Reds. Western authorities are sure that Communist Party agents have been seeded among the repatriates, but so far the Greek police have not smoked them out. At Salonika, regional headquarters for northern Greece, an official threw up his hands at the prospect that the stream of repatriates might steadily grow larger. "Where will we put them?" he asked.

Premier Papagos' government has been slow in working out plans. U.S. Ambassador Cavendish Cannon has kept an anxious eye on the situation, and Washington has been urged to absorb as many of the repatriates as possible under the Greek quota (17,000 a year), and to chip in with money if the Greek government can figure out a workable plan.

## GREAT BRITAIN

### Enter the H-Bomb

Britain announced last week that it can and soon will produce its own hydrogen bombs. The decision was announced in a tough-minded White Paper on Defense.

"Communist policies may appear, from time to time, more accommodating. But Communist actions have so far provided no real ground for believing that the threat to the Free World has sensibly diminished," said the white paper. "[Communist] military strength continues to grow at an impressive rate . . . The Soviet Union and her Eastern European satellites have some 6,000,000 men under arms. On the German front, the Soviet army could be increased to well over 100 divisions within 30 days.

"The consciences of civilized nations must naturally recoil from the prospect of using nuclear weapons. Nevertheless, in the last resort, most of us must feel that determination to face the threat of physical devastation, even on the immense scale which must now be foreseen, is manifestly preferable to militant Communism . . . Moreover, such a show of weakness or

hesitation to use all the means of defense . . . would not reduce the risk. All history proves the contrary."

**Ready When Required.** Debonair Harold Macmillan, the Tory Defense Minister (and wartime political adviser to General Eisenhower in North Africa), proudly pointed out that Britain had figured out the H-bomb "without American or outside help." Then, in a pointed statement that would have disturbed many Britons had it come from Washington, Macmillan told a press conference: "I hope [the bomb] will be ready when the Russians require it."

Along with the H-bomb decision were "far-reaching effects." Britain's new \$4.3 billion military budget follows the U.S. pattern of reducing overall expenditures



LARRY BARRON—LEFT  
DEFENSE MINISTER MACMILLAN  
Devastation if need be.

(by some \$286 million) while stepping up the emphasis on air power, the atom and electronic warfare. Main features:

**Air Force:** The R.A.F., for the first time, will get the lion's share of British defense spending. Its "primary task": to build up a striking force of atom-bomber squadrons as the "main contribution to the deterrent." The air defense of Britain will rest on delta- and swept-wing jets like the Javelin and the Hunter. But in a supplementary report which unconvincedly boasted that "this country has an effective air defense," the Defense Ministry as good as admitted that most of the R.A.F.'s fighters are too slow to catch Soviet twin-jet bombers.

**Guided Missiles:** Britain openly admitted that it is behind the U.S.—and, presumably, the Soviet Union—in the development of ground-to-air guided missiles. But it considers itself well advanced in air-to-air guided weapons, and is also developing an intercontinental ballistic missile (ICBM) with hydrogen warheads.

**Army:** "The nuclear weapon," said the

white paper, "may discourage overt armed intervention by the Communist powers, such as occurred in Korea . . . but equally, it may encourage the indirect approach through infiltration and subversion." Britain is creating a mobile strategic reserve, ready to be flown from England to any new threatened outpost. The total cost and size of the British army will be substantially reduced.

**Navy:** Many older ships will be broken up, but in their place the navy will build "guided-weapon ships," equipped with atomic guided missiles.

**Civil Defense:** The effects of a hydrogen-bomb attack on Britain, said the white paper matter-of-factly, would reduce life to "a struggle for survival of the grimmest kind." Britain therefore will completely overhaul its home defense plans, spending an extra \$106 million and recruiting 48 mobile battalions of specially trained servicemen, ready for rescue work at a moment's notice.

## SWITZERLAND

### The Siege at No. 5

Down Schloßstrasse in Bern, one of the quietest streets in the quietest capital in Europe, walked four masked men. The time was 2 p.m. Coming to No. 5, which is the Rumanian legation, they climbed quietly over a high iron-grille fence. Looming above them in the snowy darkness was the big building presided over by Chargé d'Affaires Emeric Stoffel. To their left, in a chalet-type house near the street, was the chancellery, where lived Aurel Setu, nominally the chauffeur, but actually the secret police boss of the Communist legation. The leader of the masked men rang the bell at the chancellery. "Step inside," he said, when Madame Setu opened the door. They trusted Madame Setu in a chair, then began searching the place. In the cellar, as in all Communist secret police outposts, there was a small arsenal.

Four hours later in the big house, Chargé d'Affaires Stoffel was awakened by a burst of shots. A few minutes later some masked men with Tommy guns broke into his room. Stoffel dashed for the next room, followed by a burst of gunfire. Leaping through a window, he landed in the garden, and fled to the neighbors. Said he later, explaining why he left his wife and children behind: "I put myself into safety . . . This is not the kind of thing that happens in everyday domestic life."

The masked men did not molest the legation women and children, or Stoffel's two attachés, who escaped to the street. To the sound of smashing wood and glass, the masked men began ransacking the big house. When the Swiss police arrived, shivering, pajama-clad Stoffel, pleading diplomatic privilege, refused to let them into the grounds. Floodlights were directed on the legation, and the area encircled with barbed wire. A hundred steel-helmeted police armed with rifles and sub-machine guns covered the house. Finally, at dawn, with Stoffel's permission, the



police broke into the legation grounds. Following a trail of bloodstains in the snow, they found Chauffeur Setu lying unconscious under a bush, bleeding from gunshot wounds. They rushed him to a hospital, where he died.

**The Swiss Watch.** Still the cops did not try to storm the big house. As one of the masked men tried to leave the legation, he was captured by the cops. He said that he and his accomplices were all members of a Rumanian anti-Communist resistance movement and had planned the action (and others in Stockholm and Copenhagen) as a protest against the imprisonment of prominent resistance leaders in Rumania. His companions were armed with automatic weapons and grenades, he warned, and would resist "until death" because they knew that there was no escape for them. Searching him, cops found papers he had scooped up in the legation. After a prudent interval, the Swiss diplomatically returned the papers to *Chargé d'Affaires* Stoffel.

By now excitement was running high in Bern. As hundreds of citizens converged on the *Schlossstrasse*, plainclothesmen cordoned the district. At 7:30 a.m. the Swiss Federal Council met in an extraordinary session. Other Communist legations were demanding protection.

**Chargé d'Affaires Stoffel.** In an official diplomatic note to the Swiss Foreign Office, demanded immediate arrest and extradition of the attackers, accused the Swiss police of "inexcusable tardiness." He said that the attack was an "act of banditry without precedent" by "a gang of Rumanian fascists and other criminal elements, armed with automatic weapons, axes and knives," who had "pillaged" the legation. The Swiss simply replied that they did not like the tone of the Rumanians' protest.

**The Undone Oath.** Refusing to be provoked by Communist taunts, the police acted cautiously. Commissioner Kurt Kessi called the legation on the telephone, asked to be admitted with an interpreter. Kessi found three tall young men in the legation. For two hours he spoke to the leader, trying to get him to surrender. "I emphasized that we would use the maximum force to capture them," he said. "I made no impression."

Next morning Kessi saw the Rumanians again. The leader told Kessi that the Communists had killed his father in Rumania and that he had taken an oath "to fight to the end." Kessi suggested that a Catholic priest, Father Beat Lorenz Seckinger, could absolve the Rumanian leader of his oath. That afternoon he returned with Father Seckinger. After the leader spent ten minutes with the priest, the Rumanians, still masked, left the legation under police guard. They had held the legation for 42 hours.

While Radio Bucharest filled the air with charges that the four were paid U.S. agents, the Swiss were more inclined to accept the judgment of Father Seckinger: "They are all ardent Rumanian patriots and idealists. They hoped by their action

to draw attention to the awful state of affairs in Rumania under the Communist regime." Booking the four men for manslaughter (not murder), Swiss police did not make their names public, and categorically refused to hand them over to the Communists for extradition to Rumania. Whether the audacious young masked men had found anything incriminating, Swiss police would not say.

In the Rumanian legation in Copenhagen, the Communists had trouble over another chauffeur. Driver Ion Cimpu, 25, asked the Danes for political asylum for himself and his bride of eight months, Maria, 21. But the Rumanians got wind of his plan, refused to part with Maria, instead produced her at a press confer-

speaker. A burst of laughter exploded from the crowd. "My face isn't much to look at," Hatoyama went on, "but at least you can hear my voice."

For two busy, wind-swept days last week, Japan's Premier toured Osaka and Kobe, the Pittsburgh of Japan, in a brisk, U.S.-style election campaign. He made a big hit. A caretaker Premier for only ten weeks, savvy Old Politician Hatoyama was determined to win a longer lease on the job. He did not hesitate to promise the moon, or to strum the *samisen* strings of renescent Japanese nationalism.

He jeered at the way bureaucrats, during the regime of his predecessor Shigeru Yoshida, got together with wealthy industrialists "to play mah-jongg and golf and let their work go." He promised lower



Mainichi Shimbun, Osaka

PREMIER HATAYAMA ON CAMPAIGN  
The moon and a strum of *samisen* strings.

ence, where she said she had never heard her husband talk of fleeing to the West. "Had I known, I would have killed him because such a thought is treason against our country," said Maria. "Now I only want to go back to Rumania as fast as possible, [because] I might be kidnapped by the Danish police like my husband." A few days later she was flown back to Bucharest.

## JAPAN

### The Face

Two thousand shivering workers gathered outside the steel plants and shipyards of Amagasaki one day last week, crowding and craning for a look at an old, partly paralyzed man bundled inside a black Chrysler Imperial. He did not appear, but from a loudspeaker hooked up with the car, his deep voice boomed out: "My friends, I am Ichiro Hatoyama."

The crowd waited for him to continue. "What's the matter—can't you clap? Can't you hear me?" asked the loud-

taxes and more housing. He promised trade with Red China and Russia, and said this would "create conditions which will contribute to world peace." The obliging Russians, not missing a trick, last week offered to start negotiations for normal relations at the place "the Japanese government considers most adequate" (Japan has already designated New York City as its choice).

At airports and train stations, the fast-moving Premier drew people by the thousands where other politicians did well with a few hundred. When he went from city to city by car, workers poured to the curbs and farmers leaned on tools along the fields to cheer. "I do not care about any political speeches," explained an elbow-churning man in Osaka, "I just want to see the face."

Only Emperor Hirohito himself could attract such attention. With a nationwide election less than a fortnight away, 72-year-old Ichiro Hatoyama seemed to be establishing himself as the most popular politician in postwar Japan.

# THE HEMISPHERE

## VENEZUELA

### Skipper of the Dreamboat

(See Cover)

Westward out of Caracas, a speeding convoy of official limousines and patrol cars snaked down the winding, concrete Pan American Highway. From the back seat of a Cadillac limousine, a short, rotund man in khaki took in the fleeting sights: trucks piled high with sugar cane, drowsy town plazas seared to a dry-season brown, the jet air base near Maracay, and scenic Lake Valencia, a shimmering turquoise in a chartreuse valley. But most of the time Colonel Marcos Pérez Jiménez, President of Venezuela, eyed a low, sleek, two-seater Mercedes-Benz sports car that rolled along with the cavalcade.

highway (particularly guarding bridges) and kept all other traffic backed up at side roads.

In gullied wastelands, the shriek of tires and the stench of scorched rubber filled entire valleys. On straight stretches of new road built by his government, Pérez Jiménez watched the speedometer needle of the Mercedes-Benz tremble around 160 kilometers (100 m.p.h.). He flashed by goats, banana plantations, royal palms and startled girls in magenta dresses; he hurried dustily on through villages where school children lined the streets for shrill *vivas*, through towns that tried to attract official attention to their rustic needs with crude banners impossible to read at high speed. After nine hours he coasted into San Cristóbal.

petroleum, the Venezuelan treasury gets about \$1,500,000 a day in one form or another. What the money does is downright wondrous.

In bustling cities, businessmen make fortunes, while middle-class girl clerks and secretaries, emancipated from ancient constraints by modern salaries, drive their own convertibles or fly to Miami for vacations and shopping. In the country, the rope-soled sandal that only recently covered the bare foot is being rapidly replaced by the shoe.

Caracas (pop. 87,000), the balmy capital (average temperature 70°), is the national show window—a bursting city overhauling itself so fast that the visitor who returns only once a year can easily get lost. Under clouds of dust, half pulverized rubble and half cement, new super-boulevards crash through old slums, and lavender-painted buses soon roll along them. The construction drive has revealed the Venezuelans' exciting talent for vivid modern architecture. Their use of color—lemon yellow, white, red, and ultramarine blue—outdoes the native bougainvillea and the bright toucan birds. Red-earth gashes in the surrounding azure mountains promise more to come.

**Rhinestone Yo-Yos.** **COMPRE HOY Y PAGUE MANANA!** shouts a huge sign atop Sears. Roebuck's mammoth Caracas department store; **BUY TODAY AND PAY TOMORROW!** On time payments, women in pipeless hillside shanties buy U.S.-made washing machines, and happily lug water in buckets on their heads to fill them. Specialty shops sell canned Spanish cuttlefish, rhinestone-studded yo-yos, TV sets and a potent local liquor disarmingly called *La Económica*. The 4,000 millionaires who set "two Cadillacs in every garage" as their standard enjoy such diverse luxuries as art collections, a drive-in that serves chilled martinis, sports-car racing and a nightclub where a cow does an act.

Outside the capital, the country is also booming. In the hot western oil town of Maracaibo (average temperature: 86°), competition has forced even the bordellos to install air-conditioning. In the eastern plains and jungles, prospectors ruin their teeth on back-country diets while diligently hunting for diamonds, then get the cavities filled with the gold they have panned along the way.

Some 33,000 colorfully assorted citizens of the U.S. live and make money in Venezuela. In the countryside, boomers who have drifted in from such places as Greenland or Morocco run dredges, build railroads, drive piles (but in the oilfields the oldtime Texas roughnecks have largely been replaced by the Venezuelans they trained). In the cities the American *muñitos* (Venezuelan slang for any foreigner, from monsieur) range from topflight oil-company executives and managers of U.S.-owned factories or assembly plants (cars,



Hamilton Wright

### OIL WELLS IN LAKE MARACAIBO

In a jammed and throbbing boom land, the spectacular is commonplace.

At Valencia, his patience ran out. Stopping the procession, he strode over to the Mercedes-Benz, settled into the red-leather driver's seat, pulled down the top-hinged door and streaked off.

"One must test oneself against danger in preparation for when it comes," says President Pérez Jiménez. Setting a killing pace for the official sedans that followed, he swerved along the northward-twisting highway toward the Caribbean. At the coast he turned west again over the low plain to Barquisimeto, speeding through the clear dusk that silhouetted wide-spreading *samán* trees blackly against an orchid sky.

Next morning at 8, the President, a road-racer's gleam in his eye, took the wheel again and sped away through dun-colored hills. Official chauffeurs in the convoy crossed themselves and followed. But it was ideal driving: troops patrolled the

18 miles from the Colombian border and 650 miles from Caracas. "Sports, swimming, high speeds," he mused, "all are fine ways to set aside the cares of office."

**Firm Hand, Fast Engine.** Almost anywhere else, a hot-rodding President, with or without office cares, would be an unusual spectacle. But in Venezuela, that famed, throbbing boom land of South America, the spectacular is commonplace. Four years ago Colonel Pérez Jiménez, then 36, put together an unbeatable combination of nerve and luck to seize dictatorial power in Venezuela; today, growing in influence to the stepped-up beat of the boom, he is a key man in Latin American politics. But though the hard-driving President keeps a firm hand on the wheel, it is Venezuela's fabulous oil wealth, coming in an ever-faster flow, that powers the boom. Under a sense-making profit split with the foreign companies that produce



PARK OF THE THREE GRACES is separated from Caracas' scarlet University Library by busy Avenida Roosevelt.



APARTMENT PROJECTS like this one on facing ridges of Pilot Hill should

help solve city's acute housing squeeze. Tenants pay only \$9 to \$24 monthly.



TAMANACO HOTEL, southeast of Caracas, boasts highest rates (up to \$100 a

day) in Latin America. Step-back wings were derived from Mayan pyramids.



POLYCHROME HOSPITAL, dedicated last December, is nation's largest, with 1,115 beds. Cost: \$30 million.



TOWER CLOCK in twisted ladder form reflects determinedly modern design of Venezuela's new University City.



OUTDOOR MURAL, by Fernand Léger, is one of many used to brighten University City's

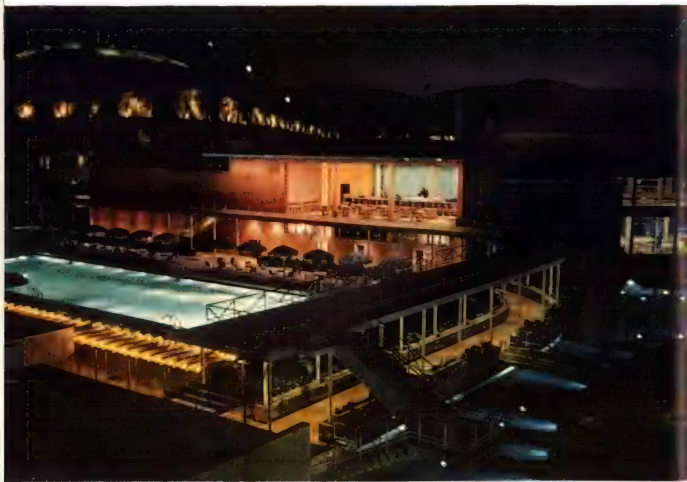
370-acre campus. Bronze figure in background at right is by late French Sculptor Henri Laurens.



**TWIN-TOWERED** Centro Bolívar in heart of city is proudest monument of modern Caracas. Center has offices for 7,000, parks 1,600 cars. Traffic runs through basement.



**OFFICERS' CLUB** has two pools, tree beauty parlor, lavish furnishings in various styles, probably cost double the official figure of \$7,600,000.







tires, chemicals, etc.) through a wide spectrum of salesmen, admen and promoters to some all-purpose operators that the others call "export bums."

U.S. and other foreign companies have contributed heavily to Caracas' great private building boom, but the government splurge of public works is more than twice as big. The Centro Simón Bolívar, a complex of twin 30-story office buildings, underground parking areas, landscaping and traffic routes, is nearing completion on a site where 400 buildings once stood in the heart of old Caracas. It was inspired by Rockefeller Center—but so far has cost at least three times as much as the Manhattan development, put up mostly in the depressed '30s for \$125 million. Forty 15-story apartment houses plus other vast developments provide public housing. The new University City has a brightly painted super-hospital and two cantilever-roofed stadiums that seat 75,000 fans without a single view-blocking pillar.

The nation's highway net, doubled (to 7,500 miles) in the last six years, is capped by the famed Autopista, a spectacular \$6,000,000-a-mile parkway that connects mountain-bound Caracas with its main airfield and seaport, ten miles away. Throughout Venezuela there are 250 new schools, 690 new clinics or hospitals, aqueducts, airstrips, first-class private or government-financed hotels.

**Oil & Water.** The oil that runs this dreamboat comes up at the rate of nearly 2,000,000 bbls. a day from 9,249 wells. Only the U.S. produces more (6,340,000 bbls. a day) than Venezuela, and no nation exports more. The boom began in 1922, when a fabulous gusher spewed up the drilling tools and keysered petroleum

for nine days. Oil has been found all across the top of Venezuela, but most of it comes from in and around Lake Maracaibo, an arm of the Caribbean Sea. One of the sights of the continent is Maracaibo's 2,012 derricks, set on piles in the lake, busily sucking up the black crude from 2,000 ft. to 4,000 ft. down. A tenth of the world's oil is produced right there. And there is plenty left: proven reserves for 15 years at the present rate. New concessions, expected soon (the government has received offers totaling a reported \$150 million), will probably bring the store of buried riches up to one hardheaded oil executive's guess: "Enough for 100 years."

By themselves, great oil reserves do not guarantee great oil wealth. The happy secret of Venezuela's prosperity lies in the partnership between the country and the foreign companies (Jersey Standard, Shell, Texas, Gulf and others), which have provided the investment capital—\$3 billion—and the know-how that gets the oil into the northbound tankers.

Other Latin American countries may also be sitting atop lakes of oil. But in the '20s and '30s, when the business was growing up, Mexico and Bolivia expropriated foreign companies. Brazil shut them out, Peru, Argentina and Colombia discouraged them. In effect, the other countries channeled investment into Venezuela, which prudently held its royalties to an average 8% during the early, expensive job of exploration. Once the companies struck it rich, Venezuela raised royalties (to 16½%) and taxes, eventually pioneered the celebrated 50-50 agreement—half the profits to the country, half to the companies—that has now been copied in the Middle East and elsewhere. The companies went along with little complaint, led

by Creole Petroleum Corp., the Jersey Standard affiliate whose Venezuelan operations were ably directed by veterans of Standard's painful expropriation experience in Mexico. Today, Brazil and Argentina pay heavily to import foreign oil, Mexico and Colombia barely hold their own with nationalized industries. Peru and Bolivia are inviting foreign oilmen to return. Venezuela builds and prospers.

**An Old Andean Custom.** Venezuelan independence dates back to 1821, when one of hemisphere history's towering figures, Simón Bolívar, finally drove the Spanish rulers out of his homeland and went on to free the neighboring nations. Bolívar had no illusions that he had brought U.S.-style democracy to the liberated lands; he died predicting that in the Americas, "Ecuador will be the convent, Colombia the university, Venezuela the barracks." He knew his countrymen well; soldiers have ruled Venezuela through most of its history. Many of them were from the high western Andes, where to celebrate their own character, the mountain men sing:

*Strong as the tree against the wind,  
Strong as the rock against the river,  
Strong as the mountain snow against  
the sun.*

Out of this pride, the Andeans through the years have built a tradition that they, rather than natives of the listless lowlands or of luxury-loving Caracas, have a natural claim to run the country.

All the Venezuelan Presidents from 1890 to 1945 came from a section of the Andes around San Cristóbal. Marcos Pérez Jiménez comes from nearby Michelena, a tiny settlement founded by one of his ancestors, where he was born on April 25,

1914. His father, 70 years old at the time, was a small-time cattleman and coffee planter, his mother a schoolteacher from Colombia.

One day Marcos' elder brother Juan arrived home in a braid-bedecked uniform from Venezuela's main military academy, and Marcos decided to become an officer too. His nearsightedness barred him from his first choice, the air force, so he took the school's two-year course in artillery, and at 18 got his first command, a battery of two venerable cannons. After a stretch of teaching at the academy, Pérez Jiménez finished his own military education with three years at the Peruvian War College in Lima. By 1945 he was a major, and—like 16 other young war-school graduates—rebelliously resentful that his studies had brought him only low pay and petty commands under politically appointed generals.

No less resentful was a politico named Rómulo Betancourt, whose left-wing but anti-Communist party, *Acción Democrática* (A.D.) was having rough going at the hands of the general then in the presidency. One night Pérez Jiménez and a few other officers secretly sought out Betancourt. Said Pérez Jiménez: "Why don't you come along with us in a movement that would dignify the country and purify the armed forces?" Army and A.D. joined in a successful revolution that killed 300 and wounded 1,500.

"It is inadmissible . . ." Betancourt became President, taking Major Carlos Delgado Chalbaud, who had played a key role in the army revolt, as his War Minister. Under Betancourt, A.D. wrote a constitution that guaranteed every civil right the party could think of. A.D. encouraged unions. It gave Venezuela its first free and universal presidential election, with the party's candidate, Novelist (*Doña Barbara*) Rómulo Gallegos, winning three to one. Most important, A.D. worked out and ratified the historic 50-50 contract with the oil companies—the golden rule that was later to benefit no one more than the officer Betancourt assigned as army chief of staff: Marcos Pérez Jiménez.

Seemingly satisfied with his rise in the world, Pérez Jiménez dutifully put down a dozen or so minor uprisings against the A.D. government. His older brother Juan helped stage one such plot; Pérez Jiménez jailed him, gave him a dishonorable discharge, has never spoken to him since. But A.D.'s liberal trends increasingly alarmed Pérez Jiménez. Of universal suffrage, first practiced in Venezuela under A.D., he said privately: "It is inadmissible that my own vote and the vote of an illiterate farm hand should have the same value."

He waited through President Gallegos' first months in office, and waited while the U.S. approvingly hailed President Gallegos on a good-will tour to Bolívar, Mo. with President Harry Truman. But he soon concluded that A.D. meant to make the army no more than a well-subordinated police force. To Delgado Chalbaud and to the young Academy officers who had supported the revolution he preached a new

stroke "to hit the target we missed in 1945." One morning in November 1948 Delgado Chalbaud, Pérez Jiménez and another officer (all by then lieutenant colonels) tossed out Gallegos in a bloodless coup.

**Promotion.** With Delgado Chalbaud as President and Pérez Jiménez as Minister of Defense, the colonels' junta jailed and exiled A.D. leaders, drove the party underground, suppressed a strike among the oil workers. The junta ruled with a kind of uneasy stability for two years, then ran into a tragic setback, never fully explained: moderate, St. Cyr-educated Delgado Chalbaud was kidnapped and killed by a fanatical retired general. Nothing more than circumstantial evidence—plus the obvious fact that he succeeded to power—has ever linked Pérez Jiménez in any plot with the assassin, who two days



SECURITY CHIEF ESTRADA  
Secrets from a block of ice.

later was "killed while attempting to escape."

Thereafter, Pérez Jiménez was boss, although with Andean patience he brought in a malleable civilian lawyer to fill the presidency for a while. "The colonel," as people began to call him, energetically launched new public works in step with the oil revenues that leaped upward with the war in Korea and the shutdown of the Iranian petroleum industry.

After liquidating several revolts inspired by the outlawed A.D., the strongman resolved to wipe out its underground leadership. For the job he chose an engaging, worldly and cold-blooded police expert named Pedro Estrada. As chief of the *Seguridad Nacional*, Estrada built it up to a crack plainclothes force with eyes and

ears in every café, hotel, office and oil camp. Estrada's henchmen jailed thousands, sometimes learned secrets from captured suspects by seating them naked for hours on blocks of ice, by other ingenious indignities or by old-fashioned beatings. When an A.D. chieftain or one of the party's hotheaded bomb-throwers was located, he was jailed or gunned down on the streets. Today, political prisoners are down to around 400, and though Estrada still listens vigilantly in his office with its eight telephones, A.D. makes scarcely a sound in Venezuela. Rómulo Betancourt, undiscouraged, dreams of the day when A.D. will take over again, but he is in his seventh year of exile (currently in Puerto Rico).

**Miscalculation.** Pérez Jiménez' next planned move was to get himself elected President. An official political party was organized. With A.D. outlawed, the opposition was divided between a Catholic conservative group and a mildly left-of-center party. Registrations showed that the government party outnumbered the combined opposition 1,200,000 to 300,000. Pérez Jiménez' advisers calculated that he could win an unrigged election—and even the opposition agreed with them.

But few Latin American strongmen can count on much popular support. The first telegraphed election-night returns at Caracas' Miraflores Palace heralded the bad news: an apparent ten-to-one defeat for the Pérez Jiménez slate. The strongman was bitterly disappointed, but his wife, Pedro Estrada and others steadied him, arguing glibly that the army, the real custodian of power, still had to decide whether the results were "acceptable." Newspapers were ordered to wait for the full official count; foreign news cables were bottled up. Two days later it was blandly announced that the government party had won after all. Now each Dec. 2 is celebrated by opening hundreds of public works, and Venezuela is dotted with projects named in honor of the date, e.g., San Cristóbal's *Gimnasio 2 de Diciembre*. The election established a constituent assembly that drafted a new constitution and voted Pérez Jiménez into office, a legal President at last.

**"There Must Be a Leader."** As South America's youngest chief executive, Pérez Jiménez has conquered much of his early, unconfident stiffness and has warmed to his job with relish. "P.J.," as he is known to Caracas' English-speaking colony, demands plenty of action, but he rarely needs or wants suggestions from his cabinet. He treats the ministers as a team of technicians; their two-hour Saturday sessions are brisk and businesslike.

For support, he still relies heavily on an unofficial army council of 38 officers ranking from captain to colonel—many of them co-conspirators in the 1945 revolution and many also from Pérez Jiménez' academy class of '34. To reward this loyal backing, Pérez Jiménez pays the officers well\* and provides them with lush perqui-

\* Delgado Chalbaud's hysterical, accusing widow, who became a serious embarrassment to the new regime, was pensioned and eventually shipped off to Europe.

\* Captains, \$5,760 a year; colonels, \$10,800.

sites. Nothing in Venezuela—or out of it, for that matter—quite matches the palatial *Círculo de las Fuerzas Armadas*, the social club for military officers and top government officials. It has a hotel (television in every room), restaurants, bar, cocktail lounge, nightclub, two swimming pools, stable, gymnasium, fencing court, bowling alleys, library and theater. Some notably sumptuous touches: marble floors, blue Polaroid windows, Gobelin tapestries, Sèvres vases, Tiffany clocks, a glass-walled conservatory housing a living, blooming chunk of the Venezuelan jungle. To the grander dances at the club, some colonels' wives wear \$1,500 Balmain gowns.

**"We Still Need Halters."** Of his style of rule, Pérez Jiménez said in a recent interview: "I make every effort to give Venezuelans the kind of government best adapted to them. People may call it a dictatorial regime. [but] my country is not ready for the kind of democracy that brings abuses of liberty. We are still in our infant years and we still need halters."

"We have to control certain liberties. Results, based on hard facts, prove we are on the right path." For example: "No newspaperman is told what to write, but he is forbidden to write anything that, in our opinion, may be bad for the morale or progress of the country. In a word, the press is censored. Very mildly indeed, but censored."

In Pérez Jiménez' view, "there must be a leader who shows the way without being perturbed by the necessity of winning demagogic popularity." He makes it plain that for the present he has no intention of trying to become a popular politician, or of relaxing the severity of his regime.

As Venezuela goes into its fifth year under Pérez Jiménez, many of the other passengers on the oil-powered dreamboat profess to admire the skipper's hard-fisted style of command. "Don't rock the boat," say prosperous U.S. businessmen, happily noting the political quiet, record oil production, boom-time construction and the rising standard of living (70% up in the last decade). But the advice is given so often as to reflect at least a subconscious awareness that the boat may be somewhat unseaworthy. Sample weaknesses:

¶ **Overdependence on oil.** Petroleum forms 95% of Venezuela's exports. A bill perennially proposed by Pennsylvania's Congressman Richard Simpson to cut U.S. imports of foreign oil could cost Venezuela a shattering \$340 million a year.

¶ **Financial mismanagement in the government.** Semi-independent government corporations, e.g., the Centro Boliviar, the Workers' Bank, are paying many debts in short-term government notes. The contractors and sellers who get the notes must give discounts up to 18% to convert them into cash, so they naturally fatten their prices to cover the expected sacrifice. The absurdity of such costly short-term debt financing (total: some \$127 million) in rich, credit-worthy Venezuela seems explainable only in terms of the carefree feeling that "it's only money."



Pérez Jiménez & Family® at Caracas Home  
For old comrades, an open spigot.

Piero Saporiti

Pérez Jiménez, not at all amused and more than a little embarrassed, reportedly plans a Cabinet shake-up soon to correct these practices.

¶ **Graft.** Many government purchasing agents expect from 15% to 25% of a deal as their cut.

¶ **Backlands poverty.** The oil wealth has yet to trickle down to many thousands of half-nomadic rural Venezuelans, who scratch subsistence diets out of jungle clearings.

¶ **The uncertain future.** A tire or tie-rod failure on a Mercedes-Benz, an army plot like the two Pérez Jiménez staged, or a simple slip-up by a guard or a food-taster might remove the strongman from the scene. Lacking democracy's orderly system for succession, Venezuela might suffer a turbulent struggle for power.

**New Works, New Faces.** All these weaknesses could make serious trouble. But they are essentially short-term problems. In the long run, what Venezuela needs most is more and better people—skilled, educated, healthful, productive citizens. Pérez Jiménez obviously realizes this. Through crop subsidies, the building of sugar mills and the construction of whole agricultural colonies that supply farmers with credit to buy land, houses and tractors, the government has already made the country self-sufficient in rice and corn, nearly so in sugar. Highways help farmers get to market. Schools are successfully struggling against illiteracy (still 39%); clinics and hospitals are lowering mortality rates while raising birthrates. Malaria, an old scourge, is now confined to the far jungles.

Foreign immigration, the world's second heaviest (after Canada) in proportion to population, is bringing new skills and faces to Venezuela. From 1947 to 1952, the country took in 373,000 newcomers—Italian stonemasons, barbers and restaurant keepers, Austrian pastry cooks

and opticians, French butchers and dress-makers, Portuguese bus drivers and Spanish carpenters. Italy has agreed to send 2,000 more immigrants each month for the next five years.

**And a Big Future.** Venezuela's plans for the future are bold. Using oilfield gas now 75% wasted, the government wants to build a petrochemical industry and produce fertilizer, explosives and chlorine. It plans a domestic steel plant to use some of the rich Orinoco River iron ore now being mined by U.S. Steel Corp. and Bethlehem Steel Co.† Lacking blast-furnace coal, it has resolved to dam the great Caroni River (an Orinoco tributary), generate 300,000 kw. for an electric steelmaking process. Besides these heavyweight plans, there is talk of building a tourist cable-car line to the top of Mt. Avila. Caracas' northern rampart, and of boring a 10-mile tunnel through it to the sea, for easier access to the sandy Caribbean beaches.

Heavy industry, schools, roads, better national health and skilled immigration can make incalculable contributions to Venezuela's economic life, and may ultimately lead the country to true self-government, to an active political and cultural life. But Pérez Jiménez, the little colonel from the Andean village, whose hand was on the spigot when it started to spout big money, frankly distrusts political democracy and pins his hopes for his country and for his place in history on the material things that he is buying and building now. "Rome would be forgotten," he argues, "if it were not for its roads and aqueducts."

¶ Wife Flor, daughters María-Sol (3), Flor-Angel (7), Marzot (6).

† Shipping 5,000,000 tons a year, Venezuela is the biggest iron-ore exporter to the U.S. But iron ore is no oil-like fountain of wealth to the country; a low-profit business, it pays Venezuela only \$3,500,000 a year.

## PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

The onetime "treasurer" of Al Capone's vice syndicate, aging (68) ex-Public Enemy **Jake** ("Greasy Thumb")\* **Guzik**, heard that the American Broadcasting Co.'s local TV station in Chicago was cooking up a series on "notorious underworld leaders." Figuring that the description fitted him like a kid glove, Greasy Thumb filed suit to block ABC from giving his life a public airing. Said his petition: "Guzik is not an athlete or actor, not a candidate for public office, has never achieved fame in literature, the arts or sciences, and he has never given his assent to becoming a public figure." Last week, a federal judge smashed Greasy Thumb and his suit. The awful truth: ABC agreed with Guzik that he is no public figure. A network lawyer told the court: "There is no program scheduled that mentions the name of this man. He is tilting at windmills." After that, Greasy Thumb, his vanity deeply wounded, unhappily settled back with his private memories of the syndicate's salad days.

Like a premature March squall, **Tallulah Bankhead** blew into Washington, D.C., and set up a noisier commotion than both Houses of Congress combined. Invited by Alabama's Democratic Representative **Frank** ("Everything's made for love") **Boykin** to testify on the capital's need for a civic auditorium, Alabamian Bankhead gave her blessing to the project, but begged off from appearing in a Valentine message to "Darling Congressman Boykin." Scrawled she: "Ten a.m. is an

\* Formerly called "Little Jack," saved-off (5 ft. 4 in.) Jake was ragged by Hearst newsmen shortly after the death of his brother, Harry ("Greasy Thumb") Guzik, a pimp; originally nicknamed for his habit of wetting his thumb while peeling bills off a horse-choking bankroll.



LEO DUROCHER & WIFE  
He picked up the whip.



TALLULAH BANKHEAD & FRIENDS  
She dropped a y.

unprecedented time for a child of the grease paint to cope with the sandman." Since Tallulah would not go to Capitol Hill, two of the Hill's key prominences went to her. Backstage at the National Theater, after one of her romps through a week's run of the bawdy drawing-room comedy *Dear Charles*, Tallulah, drowning out the wee, piping yips of her Maltese terrier, thundered "Dahling!" to a couple of "divine people" who had paid her homage after a hellish day in the House (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS). Her admirers: Democratic Speaker **Sam Rayburn** and Republican sometime Speaker **Joe Martin**, successors to the gavel of Tallulah's daddy, the late Democratic Speaker (1936-40) **William B. Bankhead**. After pecking each gentleman smudgily on the cheek, she primly explained: "I can't compromise them. They're both bachelors."

Not all of Tallulah's visit in the capital, however, was marked by such sweetness and light wit. Another Washington visitor, Britain's bodkin-tongued **Lady Astor**, was invited to share a platform with Actress Bankhead as a fellow guest of honor. Nancy Astor replied that she would never appear anywhere with "that perfectly horrible woman . . . I'm repelled by her!" Upon hearing of ex-M.P. Astor's unparliamentary affront, Tallulah snorted: "She probably disapproves of me as much as I do of her, the bitchy old hypocrite!" Urged to tone down her statement, she put on a tragic air and cooed an amendment: "Say that I called her a bitch, dahling."

In Palm Springs, Calif., **Leo** ("The Lip") **Durocher**, bellicose manager of the New York Giants, dawdled with a golf club while his neatly fabricated wife, Cinemactress **Laraine Day**, photographed a sunny scene for their family archives. Durocher's sunny mood and vacation will end next week, when he will be in Phoenix

to start spring training, whip the world champion Giants into shape for aiming at their 18th National League pennant.

Cowboy Cinemactor **Gene Autry** galloped into Houston recently to whoop up the city's annual livestock show and rodeo. One day between performances, ol' Gene, ever alert to evil deeds on the screen, dozed off in his dressing room. While he snored, two small boys sneaked in, played with his pistols, tramped around in his fancy boots, finally slipped \$112 out of Autry's diamond-studded, Texas-Ranger-badge movie clip. Collared by cops, the little villains were hustled back to Autry, who awoke to drawl: "Well, I'll be doggone!" How had the lads hornswozzled their hero? Last week the Baptist Pastors Conference of Greater Houston offered a possible explanation in a resolution, proclaiming "their disapproval of the way Gene Autry conducted himself during his stay . . . His drunkenness was a poor example before the boys and girls that admire him greatly." Autry, by then moseying around Kansas, called up one of the preachers to apologize for whooping it up. "I guess you think I'm a regular drunkard," mumbled Autry humbly. "Well, I'm not. I got in with the wrong bunch and before I knew it I got too much."

Architect **Hermann Field**, member of the U.S.'s most disappearing family, arrived in London with his wife Kate for a reunion with his sons, Alan, 9, and Hugh, 6. He had not seen them since 1949, when he plunged behind the Iron Curtain to hunt for his missing brother. **Noel Field**, onetime U.S. State Department official, Soon Noel's wife **Herta** also vanished. Then another Field was reported missing: **Erika**, Noel's adopted daughter. Released last October after five years in a Polish prison, Hermann Field

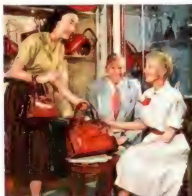




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spent a month "convalescing" in Poland, then continued resting in Switzerland. According to him, the Poles had misconstrued his efforts in 1939 to help Czechs fleeing from the Nazis "as part of a British-American plan to subvert the postwar Czech regime." Last month, said Field, the apologetic Polish Communists paid him a \$50,000 indemnity, plus \$1,500 to cover his convalescence bills.

Asked by London newsmen what he now thought of the Reds, onetime Party-Liner Field moaned: "After what I've been through, there is no doubt of my attitude. Their method is not the Dale Carnegie method of making friends and influencing people." Was Noel Field a Communist, as testified by ex-Communist Courier **Whittaker [Witness] Chambers?** Said Hermann: "I have never known whether Noel was . . ." Could Hermann explain why Noel and Herta, after doing



HERMANN & KATE FIELD

Not according to Dale Carnegie.

a five-year stretch in a Hungarian prison, elected last November to stay in "asylum" in Hungary? And what about Erika, last reported to be languishing in a slave-labor camp in arctic Russia? Tearful Hermann Field was "afraid I'm not much help in an explanation of the whole Field case." Suggested he: "People who have not spent the last five years in a cellar are more likely to know the truth than I."

While washing down Southern fried chicken with orange juice in Charlotte, N.C., torrid Trumpeter **Louis ("Satchmo") Armstrong**, a blower of wild-valved cadenzas that could never be confused with the strains of Bandleader **Guy** ("the sweetest music this side of Heaven") **Lombardo**, double-crossed his own feverish admirers. Between gulps, Satchmo satchmoed: "Lombardo's the greatest. He is relaxin'. He got a good style, and he ain't tryin' to fool nobody. The new cats around now, they ain't provin' nothin'."

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I asked Marilyn, my wife, about it.

"John Breckshot Sr. wasn't insured," Marilyn said. "Just put it off, I guess. Jack and his mother need the money now. They're selling their home, too."

I thought of our two kids. What if anything happened to me? Living expenses and mortgage payments kept us pretty broke. I didn't see how we could afford insurance, too.

Marilyn sensed my worries. "If the Breckshots had started with only \$5 a week, they could have built security for themselves—even sent Jack to college!"

"\$5 a week?" I exclaimed.

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"We could afford that much," I agreed.

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## RELIGION

### Improvisation on Guilt

A lot of people think that the confessional and the analyst's couch are in competition for man's soul. Thus when the newly formed McAuley Psychiatric Clinic in San Francisco's Roman Catholic St. Mary's Hospital sent out invitations to a forum combining priests and psychiatrists, the response was overwhelming. Close to 400 priests and doctors packed St. Mary's auditorium to see what would happen. What happened was that the two groups

ings of guilt are not the same as objective guilt." To a psychiatrist, said Dr. Nelken, the feelings, rather than the guilt itself, are the important thing. The panel began to edge toward the idea that priests are primarily interested in a man's sin, and psychiatrists are interested in his attitude toward himself.

But psychiatrists must have some basic system of values, too, objected Psychiatrist Wheelwright, though they try to avoid injecting their own values into therapy. When a patient has an inadequate

tulate a kind of original sin," he said, referring to the father-slaying, mother-marrying impulses of the Oedipus complex. "Man does, in fact, belong to a guilty race, and that by inheritance."

"No psychiatrist would disagree," said Dr. Nelken. Dr. Bellamy added that guilt feelings can be useful and, in fact, necessary: "The goal of psychiatric treatment is not to make people nonguilty. If it did, you would make the patient sicker than he was."

When the evening's debate was over, everyone felt so happy about it that other similar forums were planned, the next probably in May. It seemed to be excel-



PRIESTS & PSYCHIATRISTS® DEBATING AT ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL FORUM  
By inheritance man belongs to a guilty race.

Malcolm L. Krasner

got along as though they were made for each other.

The line-up for the psychiatrists: Dr. Joseph B. Wheelwright, British-educated Jungian; Dr. William A. Bellamy, Freudian; and Dr. Sam Nelken, an "eclectic" analyst who teaches at the University of California Medical School. For the priests: the Rev. Victor White, a Dominican, professor of theology at Oxford and lecturer at Carl Jung's psychiatric institute in Zurich; the Rev. Mark Hurley, principal of Oakland's Bishop O'Dowd High School; and the Rev. Willis J. Egan, a Jesuit, professor of theology at the University of San Francisco. The moderator: Dr. Carl Jonas, both a Roman Catholic and a Freudian psychiatrist. The subject: guilt.

"We will start with some definitions, just as Dave Brubeck and his boys start with a theme," began Dr. Jonas, who knows his combos as well as his complexes. "Then we'll improvise and take it from there."

**Is Absolution Enough?** Father Hurley hammered out the opening theme. "Almighty God has created us and given us a certain nature," he said. "He has told us by revelation what He wants . . . Guilt is the result of an offense against the law of Almighty God." There is both objective and subjective guilt, he added: "Feel-

value system of his own, "one of the [psychiatrist's] jobs is helping him choose one." This bothered Father Hurley. "Is there no goal or standard?" he asked. "That's what priests worry about." For a moment it looked as though a clear cleavage had been reached. Psychiatrist Nelken explained that no responsible psychiatrist, whatever his faith, would try to change a patient's standards of value, but merely show him how he is in conflict with them himself.

Father Hurley made a bold concession to the mind doctors: "Very often the priest sees people who are guilty; he can absolve them in confession, and so on. But he, too, must realize the limits of his own competence. I have seen—and I know other priests . . . have seen—that their efforts are not enough." The patient goes on feeling guilty even after absolution has been given and the guilt has been objectively washed away. Then, said Hurley, "we recognize that it is essential that we send them to the expert [*i.e.*, the psychiatrist]."

**Nonguilt Is Not Enough.** Father White broached the Big Guilt—Original Sin. "Freud himself found it necessary to pos-

sent public relations for the new clinic—the first outpatient psychiatric clinic established in a U.S. Roman Catholic hospital. Last week the clinic announced that as a result of the discussion, three psychiatrists offered to contribute their services free.

### M.R.A. Debate

Man rarely bites dog at an Assembly of the Church of England; the slashes and clashes in that arena are usually so politely modulated as to be inaudible to the untrained ear. But last week's Assembly in Westminster's Church House was different. The Social and Industrial Council's report strongly criticizing Moral Re-Armament (*Time*, Feb. 14) was coming up, and for days M.R.A. literature and letters had made a rip tide across the desks and breakfast tables of churchmen and editors.

**Absolve Praise?** When the motion to receive the report was made, another motion popped up just as fast: "That the Assembly pass to the next business." From his presiding chair the Archbishop of Canterbury even remarked that he had the names of 25 people who wished to speak and that he would not "frustrate the desire expressed by all these speakers."

Sir Wilfrid Garrett, the Anglican layman (a retired colonel) under whose

© From left: Father Egan, Dr. Bellamy, Father White, Dr. Jonas, Dr. Wheelwright, Father Hurley, Dr. Nelken.



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chairmanship the report had been prepared, opened the debate with a defense of the report against charges of "Machiavellian plotting or external influence." He bluntly accused Dr. Frank Buchman's M.R.A. of "political-pressure-group tactics." Said the Bishop of Colchester: In addition to its "Four Absolutes" of honesty, love, purity, and unselfishness, M.R.A. was trying to add a fifth—"absolute approval or absolute praise [of its work] . . . That in all seriousness," said the bishop, "is the root of all the trouble caused by this report."

Top M.R.A. supporter was Major General Sir Colin Jardine, one of the two council members who had refused to sign the report. "I doubt if the Social and Industrial Council is the body which should properly be charged with the task of appraisal of M.R.A.," he said. "It is not their function to pass judgment on the theology and psychology of M.R.A. . . . I know many members of M.R.A. I find them wholehearted, courageous, disciplined and kind Christian men and women."

**Absolute Pressure?** The debate went on all afternoon, and was resumed the next morning. At last an M.R.A. supporter moved an amendment that the Assembly send the report back to the council. Then the venerable Archbishop of York rose to a standing ovation in honor of his 80th birthday. "I have had experience of what is meant by pressure groups," he said. "But I have rarely experienced such concentrated pressure as during the last few days from those who are associated with M.R.A., trying to influence me in what I was about to say. I have been inundated with papers which could only have been produced by a movement with great sums of money behind it . . . If we send the report back to the council, it would be widely assumed to mean that the Assembly has given way to pressure from M.R.A."

When the votes were counted, the Assembly rejected the motion to return the report: the House of Bishops by 29 to five, the Clergy by 218 to 34, the Laity by 151 to 68. But having received the report, the Assembly resolved with typical Anglican caution not "to record any judgments whether upon the merits or upon the demerits of this movement, remembering that every church and every movement stands always under the judgment of Almighty God . . ."

## Words & Works

¶ Vice President Richard M. Nixon, goodwill-building in Latin America, paid tribute to the Roman Catholic Church as "one of the major bulwarks against Communism and totalitarian ideas." In Ottawa the Rev. Dr. John A. Mackay, president of Poinsett Theological Seminary and of the World Presbyterian Alliance, contradicted the Vice President. "I am compelled sorrowfully to say that the exact opposite is true," he told delegates to the North American Area Council of the Alliance. "Two decades ago the Roman Catholic Church made concordats with



Michael Ruggen-Lee

**THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK**  
Man bites dog.

the totalitarian rulers of Italy and Germany . . . Today the Roman Catholic Church has a concordat with . . . Francisco Franco, the totalitarian ruler of Spain . . . Those Latin countries where the Roman Catholic Church has been the predominant religious influence have been breeding grounds for Communism."

¶ The Devil is getting his due in French books, plays and movies these days, and Author Gabriel Venaissin notes the trend in the current issue of *Combat*: "An odor of sulphur hovers over Paris . . . The Devil in 1955 uses Chanel perfume, however. He is a distinguished man of the world . . . Lucifer burns no one today. But it's strange to see him come back so abundant, so eloquent, so cut up, as it were, into hundreds of little devils all trying to out rival each other . . ."

¶ In the last ten years, Reform Judaism, the liberal wing of U.S. Jewry, has more than doubled its membership. Whereas only one in 50 U.S. Jews was identified with Reform a decade ago, one in every five is affiliated with Reform today, and the total membership is approximately 1,000,000 (Orthodox Judaism claims 2,000,000 members. Conservative, 2,000,000). This progress report was issued at the 43rd biennial Assembly of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations in Los Angeles. Another major topic: Israel. What that country needs, said Rabbi Herbert Weiner (Temple Israel, South Orange, N.J.), is a relaxed form of Judaism like Reform. Rabbi Weiner urged a three-year experimental religious program there, including a "pilot" Reform synagogue in Haifa, Israel; he said, should have some other alternative. "The tragedy of religion in Israel is that [it] expends so much passion on the dietary laws that it seems to have little time left over for concern with the laws which deal with the problems of man living with man."





## The hand that rocks the typewriter runs a home

In former days, when folks got wed

They knew just *who* did *what*—  
While hubby earned the daily bread,  
Friend wife kept up the old homestead  
And bore the family tot.

Today friend wife still bears the pets  
(One thing that doesn't change).

She also works to pay off debts  
While hubby does a dish or gets  
Food ready on the range.

Thus each can better understand  
The other's strain and stress—  
To grow more temperate in demand  
As each one's interests expand  
In warm "togetherness."

They shop together for their food,  
Clothes, toiletries, or car.

So—if their favor's to be wooed,  
Contact them in a *family* mood.  
It's best that way—by far.

If, when you think about and map  
Your selling strategy,  
You wonder just how best to tap  
This family interest overlap,  
The answer's plain to see—

For in this category just  
One publication falls;  
In homes it's regularly discussed;  
To sell the family it's a must.  
We mean, of course . . .

### As a matter of fact . . .

- The advertising dollar revenue for February 1955 is the **BIGGEST FEBRUARY** in McCall's history.
- Advertising revenue for drugs and toiletries advertisers in February McCall's is the highest February in its history (\$344,162.35).

# McCall's

## MEDICINE

### Cancer Quacks

Although U.S. doctors have long known about the damage done by quack cancer cures, they often lack specific clinical evidence to back them up. At a meeting of the International College of Surgeons in Washington last week, Dr. Charles E. Horton of Duke University Hospital produced a sizable body of evidence: 64 case histories of men and women who had first gone to backwoods cancer quacks and then, uncured, had gone on to Duke.

**Practice & Preaching.** Of the 64 patients, reported Dr. Horton, ten probably never had cancer, 27 had cancer but suffered unnecessarily because of quack treat-

erers; after two years it had ulcerated her whole cheek. When she complained of extreme pain, the healer said: "That's fine. The salve's working, drawing out the cancer." When the woman finally got to Duke, her entire cheek was affected from eye to chin, and she died.

In studying the effects of quack cures, Dr. Horton and his colleagues got to know the local quacks themselves. One was a prosperous hill-country dairy farmer, another a housewife active in church work. A third was a mountain farmer who, Horton reported, could "quote more Bible than any man I ever saw . . . We told him he didn't know what a cancer was, and he didn't." When told that he had



INVESTIGATOR HORTON (SEATED, RIGHT) & COLLEAGUES<sup>®</sup> AT DUKE HOSPITAL  
In the mountains, coon root and bluestone dust.

ments, and 27 died because their cases had become incurable by the time they reached the hospital. Typical cases:

¶ A 37-year-old housewife had a skin condition that later (at Duke) proved not to be a cancer. Convinced that it was, she had gone to a backwoods healer, who applied a salve. Soon a quarter-sized hole disfigured her nose, opened up the nasal cavity. Duke's plastic surgeons had to build her a new nose.

¶ A 69-year-old retired cotton mill hand developed a cancerous lesion on his cheek. He went to a healer, after twelve monthly visits (\$5 each) still had the lesion plus a new scar covering his cheek and forehead. At Duke the cancer was successfully treated.

¶ When she developed a small sore inside her mouth, a 58-year-old housewife asked her husband, a night watchman, what she should do. He recalled reading somewhere that "X ray and radium are no good for cancer." Friends recommended a healer, and she began the salve treatment. At first the lesion was only the size of a pencil

cancer himself, the mountain healer went to Duke for treatment.

**Killin' & Drawin'.** As their principal remedy, the quacks used a paste in an age-old combination: a "killin' salve" (sorrel and sweet-gum bark) and a "drawin' salve" (chestnut-oak bark mixed with equal parts of "mutton tallow, pine resin and coon root"). For "small cancers, malignant or not"; a salve made of the whites of two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one tablespoonful of bee honey, and a teaspoonful of bluestone dust.

How should the medical profession approach quacks? "We have a duty," says Horton, "to examine and study each new cancer-cure proposal, no matter how unreasonable it may seem." Nevertheless, Dr. Horton urges strong action: doctors everywhere should seek stiff local laws and penalties against "premeditated quackery," report quacks to state medical examiners for investigation.

\* From left: Dr. Kenneth Pickrell, Carter Mauzy, Nicholas Gotschke, Hugh Crawford.

### Selected Diseases

Alert merchandisers are selling the U.S. books of the month, shows of the month, even fruit of the month. Latest item: disease of the month. Thought up by Boston Internist Mark Ainsler, the new service offers a series of monthly booklets on the symptoms and care of interesting diseases (February selection: *Essential Hypertension*). The Disease-a-Month pamphlets are written by experts, distributed by Chicago's Year Book Publishers, Inc., and come with a handy orange-colored binder. They are designed for doctors, but subscribers (10,000 to date) presumably include a few lay hypochondriacs. Price per year: \$9.

### Night Calls

Late one night in June 1950, Giovanna Ricci, 35, wife of a Venice shopkeeper, gave birth to a fine, healthy boy. She had already borne two children without difficulty, and at first all seemed well. Then the attending midwife noticed symptoms of post-partum hemorrhage. Alarmed, she urged the Ricci family to call in Dr. Giovanni Lavezzi, who had examined Giovanna ten days before.

On the telephone Dr. Lavezzi demurred. It was late, he said, and he had to get up early next day to treat an out-of-town patient. Giovanna's sister-in-law told Lavezzi that they would get another doctor and called Dr. Luigi Gardin, obstetrical consultant at Venice's Ospedale al Mare. Gardin agreed to come, told Giovanna's husband Carlo to meet him at a square near his house. Ricci waited at the appointed place for 40 minutes, then telephoned Gardin again. The doctor's excuse: "I don't have the instruments for the job. The case has been turned over to Bruno Tagliapietra, staff doctor on duty at the city hospital."

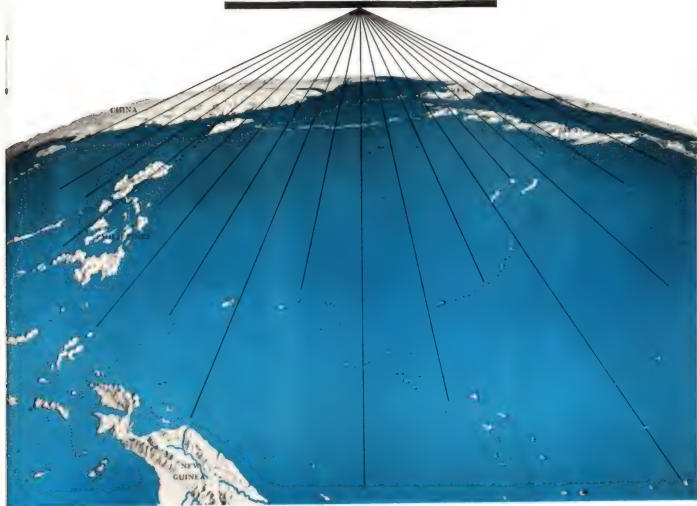
**Fetot Buck-Passing.** Actually, Obstetrician Gardin had no assurance that Tagliapietra would take the case. In fact, Tagliapietra in the meantime had merely ordered a nurse to call still another physician, Feliciano Torres, a fashionable young doctor with a private practice. But Torres, too, pleaded lack of proper instruments. Moreover, he added, the Riccis' house was much too far from his own.

Unaware of this buck-passing, Ricci started home after making his phone call, but met his brother-in-law, who reported that Giovanna now needed emergency treatment. Ricci ran over to the city hospital to find Tagliapietra, only to be informed that the doctor was busy.

By then it was 3:30 a.m., and Giovanna had been hemorrhaging for an hour and 40 minutes. Frantically, Ricci finally went to the home of Dr. Francesco Strina, one of the city's best-known gynecologists. Awakened, Strina refused to go to Giovanna's aid; he would not "repair damage done" by the midwife, who, besides, worked with Dr. Lavezzi, a competitor.

Carlo Ricci hurried home and with his relatives carried his wife to San Cassiano Hospital. There, Dr. Lavezzi, who had finally appeared in response to a second

## **bases unlimited**



The recent unveiling of the United States Navy's new 4-jet waterbased aircraft, the Martin XP6M SeaMaster, has focused attention upon one of the most important discussions in America today: The Water-based Aircraft concept.

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... The SeaMaster is not a research airplane, but the prototype of an operational weapons system designed to remain on duty for extended periods anywhere in the world. For the Navy program includes facilities for off-shore maintenance, refueling and resupply which give it a mobility never before possible in military aircraft.

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As we see it, this may be the key  
to "picture-on-the-wall" television

## General Electric develops a screen surface that amplifies light many times

**This new discovery permits scientists to increase the brightness of a projected picture without increasing its light source**

The two pictures on the left show what may be one of the more important scientific discoveries of recent years.

The top picture shows a dim image of Dr. Willis Whitney, Dr. William Coolidge, past Directors of the General Electric Research Laboratory, and Dr. G. G. Suits, current Director. It has been thrown on a new kind of phosphor screen by ultraviolet light from a slide projector. The bottom picture shows what happens when the screen is "turned on" and an electric current applied to it. The surface actually reflects back more light energy than is projected on it.

Light amplification in a single phosphor layer is a basic discovery. It may open the way to TV sets so flat they can hang on the wall, improved equipment for medical research and other exciting possibilities.

This key development is one of the recent contributions of General Electric's continuous program of research, which over 76 years has led to new products and jobs. As we see it, it is a good example of progress in the American way.



**This TV set of 1965, as designers imagine it now, is shown next to one of today's TV tubes. Dr. Suits holds in his hand the new light-booster screen developed by Dr. Ferd Williams and D. A. Cusano of General Electric.**

call, tried to stop the hemorrhage. It was too late. At 4:30 a.m. Giovanna Ricci died.

**Free to Continue.** Anguished Carlo Ricci went to the police, and after due investigation Drs. Gardin, Tagliapietra, Torres and Strina were charged with manslaughter through negligence. (Dr. Lavezzi was cleared on the ground that the Ricci family had told him they would get another doctor.) Last week, after lengthy investigation, Venice's criminal court ruled on the case. Dr. Torres was fully exonerated, because he had not been called directly by the family. Dr. Gardin and Dr. Tagliapietra were both found guilty. Penalty: suspended five-month prison sentences, payment of court costs and damages yet to be fixed. The last and best-known of the four, 73-year-old Francesco Strina, won acquittal but only because of lack of sufficient evidence. The verdict in effect admitted that Strina's intervention probably could not have saved Giovanna, but it implicitly rejected his plea that, as a private practitioner, he was not obliged to intervene in the first place.

If sustained, the ruling would establish a new precedent in Italian law, to the effect that any doctor has a legal as well as a moral responsibility to treat the critically ill, even though he holds no public post.<sup>6</sup> But at week's end, guilty and innocent, all four doctors were free to continue their practice.

## Capsules

¶ After medical societies and health officials protested, Maryland state legislators turned down an appeal for legal recognition as physicians from the state's 100-odd naturopaths (who treat diseases by "manipulation, diathermy, and exploitation of the body's natural curing powers").

¶ Two University of Louisville researchers, Dr. Alex J. Steigman and Dr. Murray Lipton, have developed a color test to indicate whether a child is protected against polio. The method: Hela cells (easily grown cancer cells) are mixed with polio virus, an indicator dye and a blood sample. Incubated at 36° centigrade for a week, the mixture is then examined for color. If the child is fully protected, the mixture will be yellow; if not, red. The new method, say the Louisville doctors, is cheaper (\$25) than previous tests, requires less time than tests using monkeys, and will enable many more U.S. medical centers to determine the effectiveness of anti-polio vaccination drives.

¶ Known cases of hepatitis (a liver infection accompanied by fever and jaundice) have tripled in the U.S. since 1952, reported the U.S. Public Health Service. The ailment now ranks fifth (behind measles, VD, scarlet fever and streptococcal sore throat, and TB) in prevalence among communicable diseases; last year 49,722 cases were reported (up nearly 50% from 1953). Present standard treatment: rest and a high-protein, liquor-free diet.

\* No such legal requirement exists in the U.S., but as an unwritten rule, it is not broken lightly. If found guilty by his colleagues, an errant doctor can expect to lose his membership in the American Medical Association, resulting in virtual boycott by the profession.

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# EDUCATION

## How to Become an Executive

With their recent shower of gifts to the nation's colleges and universities (TIME, Jan. 24 *et seq.*), U.S. corporations have shown their increasing awareness of the value of a liberal education. But gifts aside, none has gone so far in its appreciation as the Bell Telephone Co. of Pennsylvania. Last week Bell announced the results of as bold an experiment as has ever been tried in business: a full-time, ten-month course in the liberal arts for young executives.

The plan for the course began when Pennsylvania Bell's President Wilfred Donnell Gillen decided that something was lacking in the average rising young businessman. For all his competence and specialized knowledge, Gillen felt, the young executive seemed to have neither the background nor the ability to make the sort of broad decisions that modern business demands. What training would give him that ability? In 1952 Gillen took his problem to the University of Pennsylvania (where he got his B.S. in 1923), and gradually campus and company began to work out a curriculum. The university set up a special Institute of Humanistic Studies for Executives, in 1953 enrolled its first students from seven different Bell companies. By last week, having "graduated" 17 Bellmen and enrolled 19 more, the institute felt that it had enough evidence to pronounce the Bell experiment a success.

**Confessions & Calculations.** In planning the curriculum, the institute decided to make it not only as broad as possible, but as tough. Each morning, instead of reporting to the office, the students were plunged into a world of philosophy, literature, history and art. They took courses in logic, ethics, esthetics, gulped down big doses of music, economics, architecture, studied some of the major concepts in the social and natural sciences. Though their classwork was done mostly in seminars, they heard lectures by such scholars as Anthropologist Carleton Coon, City Planner Lewis Mumford, Yale's Henri Peyre (who spoke on Rousseau's *Confessions*), Brandeis University's Ludwig Lewisohn (*Faust*), Colby's President Julius Seelye Bixler ("Empirical Calculation of Consequences"), and Psychoanalyst Erich Fromm ("Psychology and Ethics"). They visited the U.N., the museums of Washington, Philadelphia and New York; they attended a Quaker meeting, heard concerts by the Philadelphia Orchestra.

They read everything from Beardsley's *Practical Logic* to Crane Brinton's *Ideas and Men*. They studied the Bible and the *Bhagavad-Gita*, proceeded to the *Iliad*, the plays of Sophocles and Shakespeare, Dante's *Inferno*, *The Brothers Karamazov*, *Remembrance of Things Past*, *Ulysses*, *The Magic Mountain* and *Moby Dick*. They read *The Portable Medieval Reader* and the *Autobiography* of Cellini, studied the economics of Adam Smith and Marx,

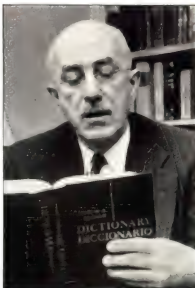


BELL'S GILLEN  
There is more to life than Cadillacs.

of Tawney, Keynes and *Executive Suite*. Each man got copies of all the books assigned, kept them as a nucleus for his own private library.

**Filling the Void.** In their last six weeks, the students faced a sort of summing up—an attempt by the institute to relate its studies to the present by concentrating on International Relations, Political Science and American Civilization. But by that time, the students had no need to be sold on the value of the course. Among the changes, big and small, that the ten months brought:

Q A student from Minnesota who admits



PENNSYLVANIA'S WILLIAMS  
There is more to grass than "hierba."

that he had "a kind of void" in the arts, has now become interested enough to subscribe to a print-of-the-month club and to buy some originals on his own. What did he hang on his walls before? "Mirrors."

Q A student with a liberal-arts degree who used to buy books because "they looked nice on the shelves," now subscribes to the Book Find Club and the Readers' Subscription, is an inveterate browser in the university bookshop. In the old days, says he, "I used to go home from the office, listen to my wife tell about her day, turn on the television, and go to bed. If my new attitude sticks, it would be criminal to go back to the old way. I've found there is so damn much I want to know."

Q A division plant superintendent with a degree in physical education felt that he once had no interest in life except his job. Now he is a company representative to the meetings of Philadelphia's World Affairs Council, has revived his old interest in music, has even made friends with his neighbor, an English professor from Temple University. "I used to think," says he, "that we businessmen were on one side—the really important one—and there on the other side were the intellectuals like the professor. Now, you should hear the talks we have in my rumpus room."

Do these changes, trivial as some of them are, indicate a future race of superior executives? Says one student: "You go through some soul searching. This may not teach us to make decisions faster—or even as quickly—but they'll be better decisions." Adds a divisional revenue accounting manager: "I used to do only the things that had always been done before. Now I ask myself what this department is going to be like 20 years from now, how this decision is going to fit in. I used to think that there was nothing in life besides earning money and looking forward to a Cadillac. Now I ask myself what is right, rather than what should I do and what am I expected to do. There have been innumerable times since leaving the institute when I've said to myself: 'You wouldn't have thought of that a year ago.'"

## The Last Word

An authority on Romance languages, Provost Edwin Williams of the University of Pennsylvania is in a good position to know that "language changes so rapidly, there's no end to keeping up with it." English and Spanish, for instance, are in a constant race: with a score of different nations adding to one, and the U.S. and British Commonwealth adding to the other, it is no wonder that dictionaries in the bilingual field fall way behind. Last week, with the publication of his own Spanish-English dictionary (Holt; \$7.50-\$8.50), Williams brought things up to date.

Ever since he joined the Penn faculty, Williams has been collecting material for a dictionary. In 1944 he finally settled down to work in earnest. He pored over every English and Spanish dictionary available; he read novels, newspapers and magazines, wrote to businessmen, lawyers, laborers



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## ***Man with stapler beats man with hammer 2 to 1***

What you see here is a race between a woodworking shop's two best cabinetmakers shown assembling haberdashery shelf dividers. One is doing the job the conventional way, with hammer, finishing nails and nail set. The other is using the new Bostitch T3 Air-Driven Tacker which drives and countersinks nail-type staples semi-automatically.

Results: staples beat nails better than 2 to 1.

The Bostitch T3 won out on other counts, too. The shop foreman reports staples more accurately placed than nails. And each staple is neatly countersunk, its  $\frac{3}{4}$ " legs pressing outward in the wood to give greater holding power. Pressing the slim nose of the T3 against the work triggers its action, leaves one hand free for positioning and assembly.

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and scholars for the latest words and expressions. When he had gone through the alphabet once, he started from A to Z all over again. The result: the most comprehensive dictionary of its kind yet.

**Weed or Wayward Man.** Williams has included the major common variants used in different Latin American countries, often had to trace English and Spanish words back to their Latin origins to make sure they are exact equivalents. Instead of translating *hierba* merely as *grass*, he lists dozens of botanical variations as well as a few related colloquialisms. *Mala hierba* can mean weed or it can mean a wayward young man. *Hierba amargosa* means rag-weed, *hierba amarilla* means an oxeye daisy, and so on down to *hierba velluda* meaning buxous buttercup.

From war, science and industry he found hundreds of new words to define. There was flying missile (*proyector dirigido*), G-man (*agente secreto federal*), high-fidelity (*alta fidelidad*), and 3-D (*película cinematográfica tridimensional*). He had to translate babblitry (*concepto de la moral y las costumbres de la clase media*), flying saucer (*platillo volador o volante*), Hoosier (*natural o habitante del estado de Indiana*), and water wagon (*sin tomar bebidas alcohólicas*). Even some old words caused trouble. In no bilingual dictionary, for instance, could Williams find a definition of *solitary confinement*; he came across it by accident in a magazine. Its Spanish equivalent: *celda de castigo*.

**Hit the Nail.** All in all, Williams has added thousands of entries that have never before appeared in a Spanish-English dictionary. More important he feels that by working alone he has been able to eliminate many of the inconsistencies of team-written dictionaries. If "hit the nail on the head" appears in one half of his book he makes sure that *dar en el clavo* appears in the other. Nor does he make the mistake of treating greed and greediness under one entry, while placing thrift and thriftiness in two.

"A lexicographer," says he, "needs to have a systematic method. He must be more than a hack. He must be a judge of what is current and accepted." And he must be a scholar.

## Theory & Practice

The University of Washington, said President Henry Schmitz in ringing tones when he took over in 1952, is "virile, dynamic and democratic... On the matter of the freedom of the university, I believe that the institution has a deep commitment to itself. The university must be a place where controversial issues may be discussed objectively and with reassuring intelligence. It must be tolerant of widely varying opinion."

Last week President Schmitz apparently decided that he had serious doubts about what President Schmitz had once said: when his own physics department invited J. Robert Oppenheimer to give some science lectures at Washington, Schmitz vetoed the whole idea as not being "in the best interests" of that virile, dynamic and democratic institution.



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you have*

At 4 o'clock, the promenade deck of your Mooremack Luxury Liner is gay as a country club. The sun-tan crowd basks; swimmers splash in the pool. The sea's so calm the ping-pong players never miss a shot. As the tea wagon makes its afternoon rounds, friends stop by to invite you for cocktails and dinner or to discuss what to wear at the costume party. On a 38-day Mooremack Cruise nobody's in a hurry. You have time to really enjoy yourself.



*These are  
some of the sights  
you see*



In cosmopolitan Buenos Aires you'll motor out to see one of Argentina's crack polo teams, stroll through the Plaza de Mayo. You'll enjoy B. A.'s Parisian air, the celebrated steak diners and a tour of continental night life . . . her smart shops, famous for bargains in gloves, alligator bags and other leatherwork.



**MOORE-McCORMACK**  
*Liners*

Five Broadway, New York 4, N. Y.

*On a  
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S.S. ARGENTINA . . . S.S. BRAZIL . . . 38-day cruises to South America from \$1,110. These 33,000-ton liners sail every 3 weeks from New York to Trinidad, Barbados, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, Santos (Sao Paulo), Montevideo, Buenos Aires. See your travel agent for details.



SNEAK PREVUES AT AUTO SHOWS ATTRACT RECORD CROWDS: "YEARS-AHEAD LOOK" WAS INSPIRED BY NASH-NEALEY, VOTED ONE OF THE

# AMERICAN MOTORS' HOT NEW

**1955 Models Bow with Ambassador Jetfire V-8 Power and 7 Features All Cars Must Eventually Adopt**

Up-and-coming American Motors now unveils a plush new Nash that may well be the hot car of the new-car crop. Not alone for its sleek new sports look or its new high-torque Ambassador Jetfire V-8 engine—but for features that set the trend for tomorrow.

The entire interior (largest of any car) is heated, cooled, ventilated with a twist of a dial (at a price to set the industry re-sharpening its pencils). Its wrap-around windshield is widest, and visibility the best, of the '55 cars. But the big feature Nash will push is a \$40 million single unit body of double strength that will be huzzahed

alike by safety experts, comfort lovers and the average American who wants top resale value. It is immune to rattles and permanently free of squeaks. Inside, passengers float on a new-type suspension with longer, softer springs having three times the cushioning effect of old-style springs and new anti-sway safety on curves.

A full range of 1955 Nash Ambassador and Statesman models are on display today. For an entirely new ride experience, see your nearest Nash dealer. Nash Motors Division, American Motors Corporation, Detroit 32, Michigan.



**NASH AIRLINER RECLINING SEATS** rest children on trips, ease the driver, also serve as a chaise longue. For camping, seats become high-and-dry Twin Travel Beds. Standard on some models.



**NEW 208 H.P.** Ambassador Jetfire V-8 engine shows its speed, acceleration, dependability. Twin Ultra-matic Drive available with V-8 Dual-Range Hydra-Matic, Overdrive, or standard shift with Super Jetfire and Le Mans Dual Jetfire six engine.



**THREE TIMES** the ride comfort, with longer, softer Nash springs (left), over old-type stiffer, shorter springs (shown right). Mounted high, they cradle you over bumps—lanted like "Sea Legs", they give you new safety on curves.





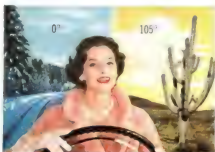
WORLD'S TEN MOST BEAUTIFUL CARS.

# '55 NASH



**VISIBILITY UNLIMITED.** New Deen-Ramic Wind-shield, widest in any car, lets you see without the usual distortion in the corners. Rear window is also widest. Low sloping hood and "Road-Guide"

fenders give best view of road ahead. You even see more at night, with unique new Safety-Vu beam-concentrating headlights. Added "running lights" on fenders outline full car width—others see you better.

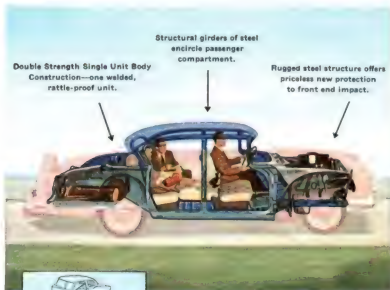


**NO MORE WINTER** cold or summer heat! You shut your windows to dust and traffic roar, yet breathe fresh, filtered air. New All-Season Air Conditioning System\* costs hundreds of dollars less than old-type systems with cooling only.

*\*Patents applied for.*



**NIGHT PICTURES** show the new shorter turning radius of Nash Ambassador (right) compared with previous models. Power Steering, Power Brakes available.



**Double Strength Single Unit Body**  
Construction—one welded,  
rattle-proof unit.

Structural girders of steel  
encircle passenger  
compartment.

Rugged steel structure offers  
priceless new protection  
to front end impact.



The Old Way

**DIFFERENT** from old-type separate body and frame (at left), in Nash the double-strength of the single unit extends structural girders around passengers and engine. Lastingly true-to-body-bolt squeaks-and rattles, Nash is built for a "second lifetime" of service.



**Nash**  
GIVES YOU MORE  
FOR 1955

AMERICAN MOTORS MEANS  
MORE FOR AMERICANS



Ask your Nash dealer about the 7 vital Nash features that assure you most value today, highest resale value tomorrow—in Nash for '55.

See Walt Disney on television. Great new family entertainment.

*Riddle: When is a calculator like a camera?*

*Answer: When it's a Burroughs Calculator like the one below. And here's why:*

*When you click the shutter on a camera, you take a picture—instantly; and in that same split-second of time, you could touch any key on this calculator and get an answer. It's just touch, and know!*

## It's the touch that counts—instantly!

We think that's fast. In fact, we think this all-electric Burroughs is the fastest-working calculator ever built—thanks to a simplified instant-action keyboard. On this machine, every key is powered and every key stroke counts . . . so when you touch a key you get an answer—*instantly!*

What's more, this is the calculator with Memory Dials—a second set of answer dials that gives you grand totals or net results—automatically. There's no rehandling of figures, and so no chance for operator errors.

For a demonstration, just call your local Burroughs representative—or write to Burroughs Corporation, Detroit 32, Mich.

### Burroughs Calculator with Memory Dials



## THE PRESS

### Star Witness

When the Government began a criminal antitrust suit against the Kansas City Star Co., President Roy Roberts called the indictment a "shotgun" blast. Last week, in Kansas City's U.S. District Court, President Roberts, 67, got a chance to fire back. He was the chief defense witness against Government charges that the *Star* and its morning edition, the *Times*, used their monopoly position to kill competition and keep their own circulation and ad rates high (TIME, Feb. 14). On the witness stand Roberts testified that the papers' success was the result of "efficient management," not monopoly position.

Roberts, who was backed up by testimony from *Star* executives and outside



Edward Clark-Lee  
KANSAS CITY'S ROBERTS  
Efficiency or monopoly?

admen, testified that the combination ad rate, by which advertisers are forced to take space in both the *Star* and *Times*, and cannot buy an ad in one alone, was already in force when he came to the *Star* in 1909. Actually, said he, both the papers are published as two editions of the same daily. The *Star* and *Times* operate out of the same plant and use the same mechanical staffs. It is perfectly reasonable, he suggested, that ad contracts with the papers should cover their round-the-clock publication schedule. "By operating that way," said Roberts, "we can give the people of the community the best service on news, the best service to readers, and the best service to advertisers at the lowest price."

To prove the point, the *Star* Co. brought up a witness who testified that for the size of the paper's circulation, the *Star's* ad rates were among the lowest in the U.S. As to the Government's charge that the *Star* waited to drive the competi-

ing *Journal-Post* out of business before it increased its subscription price in 1942, Roberts testified flatly that the charge was not true. The *Star*, said he, had planned the increase before the *Journal-Post* went under. Like every other daily in the U.S., the *Star* was hit by rising costs and taxes, had little choice but to raise its price. The combination subscription rate which forced *Star* readers to buy the *Times* too was actually a service to Kansas City, said Roberts. By buying both papers together, he added, readers got them at a lower price than if they could have bought each one separately.

After Roberts finished, *Star* lawyers moved that the Government's case be dismissed. But Judge Duncan ruled that the case should go to the jury. This week the jury gets a chance to decide the biggest criminal antitrust suit ever filed against a U.S. newspaper by the Government.

### Capp v. Fisher (Contd.)

After years of noisy sparring, feuding Cartoonists Ham (Joe Palooka) Fisher and Al (L'il Abner) Capp knocked each other out of the ring last week. In New York Cartoonist Fisher was suspended from the 325-member National Cartoonists' Society "for conduct unbecoming a member." The society's Ethics Committee accused Fisher of using "altered, tampered-with and . . . not a true reproduction" of Capp's cartoons in an effort to prove Capp slipped pornography into his drawings. Meanwhile, in Boston, Al Capp withdrew as a stockholder in the Massachusetts Bay Telecasters, Capp, who was confronted with the charge of pornography before the Federal Communications Commission in Washington this month (TIME, Feb. 14), decided that his battle with Fisher was injuring the chance of other stockholders' getting a Boston TV franchise. Said Capp: "Being involved in the internal dogfights of television was even more painful than watching TV."

### Conscience of Cincinnati

At a luncheon in Cincinnati this week, the National Conference of Christians and Jews paid a signal honor to one of the country's longest working columnists. The newsmen: Alfred M. Segal, 71, who was celebrating half a century on the Scripps-Howard's Cincinnati *Post* (circ. 167,260) and 34 years as a columnist. Read the special citation: "[Segal's] writings and his personal life . . . have been the ideals and aims of the National Conference of Christians and Jews." Bark in the *Post's* city room. Editor Dick Thornbure and his staffers had another way of saying it. At a surprise party, the *Post* gave Al Segal a gold wristwatch with the inscription: "To Al the Conscience of Cincinnati."

In his column "Cincinnatus" Segal plays both big brother and conscience to the *Post's* readers. His mild, low-keyed column shuns gossip, rarely stirs up sensation, never thunders. Instead, he may tell of a child with cerebral palsy, the



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Flavored  
Scotch**



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SCOTCH WHISKIES, 86.8 PROOF, IMPORTED BY  
MCKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.



## There's room to relax in uncrowded Canada

### VACATIONS UNLIMITED...



This year, have a *different* holiday in an immense and exciting land that offers an endless choice of unspoiled settings for fun and relaxation. There are mountains, sea-coasts, cool lakelands, interesting cities, world-famed resorts—all easy to get to, grand to know—in *uncrowded* Canada. No passport needed. See your travel or transportation agent soon; send the coupon now.



Take memorable tours through storied streets...enjoy old-world charm.



Explore the glory of great National Parks...keep your camera handy for wonderful wildlife shots.

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Send me your 48-page, full-colour book on vacation attractions in all parts of Canada . . . ☐

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01-1-10-55-02

funeral of a 90-year-old friend, the good work of a priest he knows. Then again, he may just write about a pleasant, sunny day. Says Segal: "Cincinnatus looks with some tolerance on the sinner, with compassion on the pauper, with a sense of humor at the millionaire, and attempts to understand even the murderer . . . This is the world with all its variety."

Cincinnatians read him with affectionate respect, and when he points out a flaw in the city, they hurry to patch it up. When he wrote that Cincinnati's Longview Hospital was short of wheelchairs, 18 were quickly provided. Another time, he told about the hard time a family was having after the breadwinner was sent to prison for stealing a factory payroll. Reading "Cincinnatus," the factory owner called the holdup man's wife, hired her at \$20 a week, and told her



COLUMNIST SEGAL

Post service from the grocer.

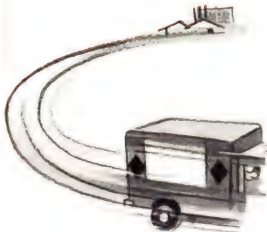
to earn it by staying home to care for her children.

"King of Vagabonds." Actually, Al Segal might have been a rabbi had he not found a wider pulpit in print. He was just out of Cincinnati's Hebrew Union College when he got his job on the *Post*. Within three years he was city editor. A year later, hating his desk job, he went back to reporting, started his column in 1921. Soon he became known as a friend of the down-and-out. Hoboes tapped him for "coffee money" so often that *Post* staffers put a sign next to his desk proclaiming Segal "King of Vagabonds." (His penchant for giving away his money finally got to the point where his wife put in a rationing plan—just enough for carfare, lunch and two daily glasses of sherry.) Between columns he covered news stories, and the friends that he made helped him score some notable beats.

His biggest came in 1924, when boss-ridden Cincinnati was at the depth of political corruption and the *Post* was



*This company was on the run  
To speed its goods to everyone . . .*



*Kabom*

*They found at last for safe, sure speed  
**RAILWAY EXPRESS** is all they need!*

# The big difference is

Whether you're sending or receiving, whether your shipment is big or small, and whether it's moving by rail or air—you'll find it pays to specify Railway Express. It makes the big difference in speed, economy, and safe, sure delivery. Railway Express is the complete shipping service in the American tradition of private enterprise.

As a contribution in the public interest,  
RAILWAY EXPRESS will take your orders for CARE.



**... safe, swift, sure**



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**Now—The Milwaukee Road is first in the Northwest with all modern power!**

All hauling on The Milwaukee Road is now performed by the newest and most efficient power—diesel and electric locomotives. This has real meaning to shippers and receivers. Modern power does a better all-around transportation job, handles bigger loads and, with readier availability, moves them more expeditiously.

Yes, modern diesel and electric locomotives make on time arrivals a matter of course. Able management and personnel are additional key reasons why the Milwaukee can serve you better. Your nearest Milwaukee Road agent is a well-informed transportation man who can work intelligently with your traffic department.

**SHIP—  
TRAVEL**

**ROUTE OF THE SUPER DOME HIAWATHAS**



**Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific Railroad**  
Headquarters: Union Station, Chicago 6, Illinois

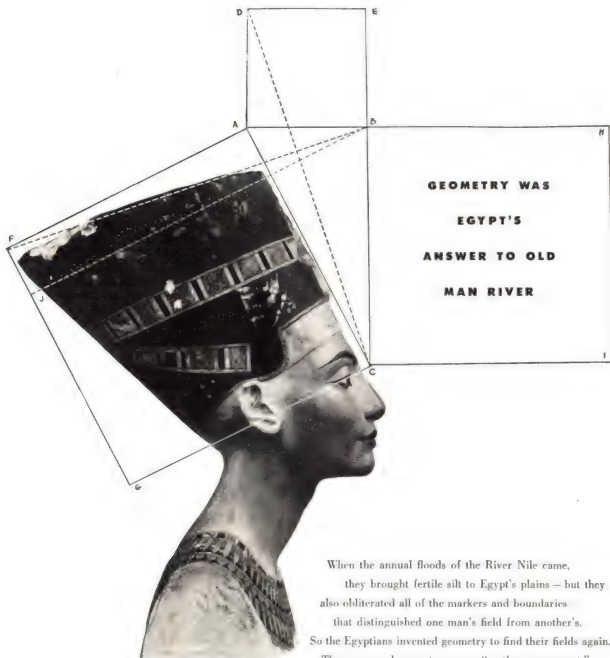
thundering at the city hall gang, led by Rud Hynicka. One day, just before the city council was to vote on an ordinance reducing gas rates, a local Western Union operator showed up at Segal's desk. Said he: "I could go to jail for this, but I feel it's my duty as a citizen to bring this to you." He showed Segal a telegram from Hynicka in New York to the president of the city council. It ordered the council majority to vote against any rate reduction, saying: WE'VE GOT TO TAKE CARE OF OUR FRIENDS. The *Post* published the telegram, and Segal followed it up with a series of columns demanding a new city-manager form of government with a nine-member council elected on a nonpartisan ballot. Cincinnati got its nonpolitical city manager, and cleaned up its graft.

**Someone Worthy.** As a civic conscience during the Depression, Al Segal used his column to save people from eviction, send poverty-stricken youngsters through college. An old friend, Cincinnati's late Grocery Tycoon B. H. Kroger, told Segal: "You meet a great many people who need help. If I can be of service, let me know." Al Segal did, got a \$6,000 grant for a scientist to carry on experiments in tuberculosis. Of the thousands of letters he has received, one he prizes is from a Protestant minister, who wrote: "I envy you, Al Segal. You have the largest congregation in the city, and you don't have to live with it."

## Survival or Chiseling?

The American Newspaper Guild, which represents newsmen all over the U.S., has long contended that it would never force a wage increase that would put a paper out of business. Last week Brooklyn *Eagle* Publisher Frank D. Schroth was trying to put the Guild's contention to one of its rare tests. Four weeks ago the Guild struck the *Eagle*, and when mechanical-union employees refused to cross the picket line the paper was forced to suspend publication. The Guild demanded the same \$5.80 package wage increase that staffers on Manhattan dailies got in the latest round of wage negotiations. But the ailing *Eagle* (circ. 124,817) offered only \$2.40, insisted that it should not be classed with Manhattan papers and should not pay the same scale. Said Publisher Schroth last week: "It is financially impossible for the Brooklyn *Eagle* to meet the [Guild] demands and survive."

Guildsmen, who still remember the bitter 14-week *Eagle* strike 17 years ago, contend that the *Eagle* has not proved it is unable to pay—i.e., by showing them the books. If the *Eagle* is not a New York paper, argued the Guild, why does it pay city-scale wages to its mechanical employees in ten other unions? The union offered to arbitrate the wage increase, but the *Eagle* refused to do so unless the entire contract was opened to review. Said New York Guild Executive Vice President Tom Murphy: "We would not be so foolish as to ask an economic impossibility and put a paper out of business in the process. To accept Schroth's sort of excuse is inviting more and more chiseling."



REPRODUCED BY THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

When the annual floods of the River Nile came, they brought fertile silt to Egypt's plains — but they also obliterated all of the markers and boundaries that distinguished one man's field from another's. So the Egyptians invented geometry to find their fields again. The very word geometry means "earth measurement."

The measurement of the earth and its depiction in maps are

long familiar to us at Rand McNally. And the accuracy exacted of us by the science of cartography has become our watchword in our other publishing activities.

We constantly strive to make our textbooks, our books for children, and our nonfiction for adults meet standards of accuracy and truth that are more essential than ever in a world of shifting values.

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## SCIENCE

### New Wrinkles

**Smallest Transmitter.** A 20-mm. shell is less than an inch in diameter, but Roy J. Smollet of the Naval Ordnance Laboratory, Silver Spring, Md., has built a radio transmitter that fits into its nose and leaves room to spare. The transmitter has one transistor, a coil half an inch across, and a mercury battery considerably smaller than a dime. When the shell is fired, it sends out a wave that tells how the shell is spinning and whether it is wobbling in its flight.

**Radiation Spotters.** The National Bureau of Standards has worked out for the Atomic Energy Commission a handy system for following radioactive clouds as they drift cross-country. Throughout a large region around AEC's Nevada testing ground are radiation detectors perched

### I.Q. Zoo

Keller B. Breland of Hot Springs, Ark. is a psychologist who applies modern scientific methods to training and understanding animals. The traditional training methods, he believes, are mostly wrong. Punishment and threats work only with such relatively "stupid" animals as horses. Praise is no good except with dogs. For most animals, the best system is an immediate reward of food, given for an action repeated over and over. Even bird-brained chickens and harebrained rabbits can be deeply conditioned by often-repeated rewards.

In 1947 Breland was personnel manager of Streator Industries outside Minneapolis, where he used his psychology on human subjects. He got interested in training animals by psychological methods, and was

the flightiest hen. If properly conditioned, she will go through her act in a department-store window, unconscious of traffic noise or applauding spectators. The only thing that matters to her is the reward, and she has been taught what she has to do to get it.

Breland's chickens also count, play poker, shoot popguns and walk on tightropes. Trained in similar mechanical ways are ducks and geese that beat on drums, hamsters that swing on trapezes, goats that dance and high-jump, rabbits that kiss each other, pigs that clean up a cluttered room. There seems to be no limit to the tricks that mechanical reward devices can teach to almost any animal. "All we have to do," says Breland, "is to keep the act within the known limitations of the given species."

**The Social Dog.** Breland thinks that pigs are the most intelligent animals that he has trained. Raccoons, dogs and cats also come high on the list, while horses and cows rank low. But each animal, he says, must be trained in accordance with its peculiar nature. Dogs are not at all typical. By nature they are social animals, living in groups with a rigid code of behavior. They therefore respond to man's praise and affection. Cats do not. They like to be petted, says Breland, but their enjoyment is merely physical. They will do nothing for praise. Most other animals are equally selfish; the dog is about the only one that takes man into his family.

The most talented animals trained by the Brelands are on exhibition in their "I.Q. Zoo," a tourist attraction at Hot Springs, and 250 of them are on the road for General Mills. They draw attention to General Mills' exhibits at agricultural fairs and of course always pick G.M. products as their favorite foods. The Brelands enjoy their commercial success, but they regard it as a pleasant way to pay for expensive research. Their leading interest is still animal psychology, and they are sure that they have learned enough already to help farmers control their animals. Example: a farmer should always be noisy in the turkey pen so that the turkeys will get used to noise and will not stampede and kill themselves during a thunderstorm.

Another Breland project is to reform U.S. zoos. Breland believes that zoo animals should be trained to perform instinctive acts when given a triggering signal. In a Breland-type zoo, the spectator could put a nickel in a slot if he wanted to see the monkeys dance or the hippo plunge into his pool. For a larger coin, a quarter perhaps, he might see a lion charge out of a thicket and leap with hideous roars on a simulated gazelle.

### Atom-Powered Britain

In a calm, confident white paper, Britain's Ministry of Fuel and Power told last week how it plans to make Britain an atom-powered nation. The changeover will be gradual, but the program is much more ambitious than any officially advanced in the U.S.

The paper points out that Britain is a



Walter E. McGonigal

### PSYCHOLOGIST BRELAND'S PUPILS AT WORK

No praise for the chickenhearted, no strain on the harebrained.

on poles. Each detector has a telephone number, so AEC can dial it and ask it how much radiation it feels in its vicinity. The detector answers with an audible tone whose pitch (frequency) indicates the intensity of radiation. By calling many detectors, AEC can tell just where its clouds are drifting.

**Radar Beacons.** The Civil Aeronautics Authority has tested and approved radar beacons for use on civilian airports. Most big airports already have surveillance radar beacons that display all airplanes in the vicinity as moving "blips" on their scopes, but when traffic is heavy, it is often hard to tell which blip stands for which airplane. The beacon system leaves no doubt. As each airplane comes into a control area, it is called by voice radio and assigned a "code pulse." Then the "transponder" carried by the plane answers when the beacon at the airport sends that particular code. Since the transponder's signal is comparatively strong, it makes an unusually bright blip on the radar scope. Then the radar operator knows which blip stands for the airplane that his beacon is calling.

so successful with hamsters, pigeons, chickens and other unpromising trainees that he found he could sell them, when educated, to General Mills Inc. for use in advertising stunts. In 1947 he quit his human psychology job, and in 1950 he and his wife Marian moved to a farm in Arkansas, where they set up an animal school that has turned out more than 5,000 psychologically educated graduates.

**The Dancing Goat.** Among the most successful alumni of Breland's university are his "Caseys at the Bat" (hens that play baseball). It takes a very short time, he says, for a hen to learn that when she tugs at a rubber ring, an electrically operated bat will knock a small ball toward a wire-screen outfield and a few grains of wheat will fall into a trough. So the hen pulls the ring, and then runs madly for "first base" (the trough). If the ball is intercepted by mechanical "defensive players," she knows by experience that she will have to try again, so she hurries back to home plate with visible annoyance and gives the bat another swing.

This performance, which looks intelligent, does not strain the brain of even

# Thompson brings electronics to the kindergarten



The Bell Tape Recorder being used by the children is Bell's newest Model No. RT-75. It is the only 3-speed machine and America's lowest-cost long-playing tape recorder. Its handsome, grey-green cabinet, with gold trim and knobs, blends with any home or office furnishings. Its uses are unlimited—in hospitals, church work, office conferences, theatres, music studios—whole families have fun with it, too.

*Bell Sound Division  
markets low-price, long-  
playing tape recorder*

**T**APE RECORDERS now go to school! From kindergarten to college, the new 3-speed Thompson-made Bell tape recorder aids both teachers and pupils. Whether a collection of 4-minute nursery rhymes or a 4-hour physics lecture, this machine captures it completely *on one tape*, to be played back whenever needed. Its 3 speeds permit High Fidelity reproduction.

Whatever is recorded on this Thompson-developed tape recorder can never be *accidentally erased*. Its fast forward speed permits quick selection of any portion of the recording; its fast rewind speed permits quick changes of reels.

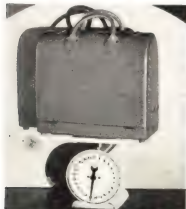
Other Thompson electronic products are found in the field of communications. Thompson coaxial switches help bring radio and TV programs to you. Television cameras, HI-FI amplifiers, transcription units, and automatic controls for our newest jets are other Thompson electronic developments.

Just as Thompson's original equipment and replacement parts for cars and planes help transport *things and people*, Thompson's electronic products now help transport *words and music*. Thompson Products, Inc., General Offices, Cleveland 17, Ohio.

For additional information about Bell Tape Recorders, write: Bell Sound Systems, Columbus 7, Ohio.

**You can count on  
Thompson  
Products**

MANUFACTURERS OF AUTOMOTIVE, AIRCRAFT,  
INDUSTRIAL AND ELECTRONIC PRODUCTS.  
FACTORIES IN SIXTEEN CITIES.



**A truly portable.** battery operated tape recorder, weighing less than 13 POUNDS is another new product in an expanding line of tape recorders and play-back machines being developed in the Bell Sound Systems laboratories of Thompson Products. The extreme portability of the Cub Corder gets it around. Dugout interviews at the ballpark, testimony in legal chambers, consultation data in doctors' offices, voice and delivery studies by actors, sales meetings, business dictation aboard planes and trains, police reports of accidents . . . this lightweight recorder can really travel!





*there's no gin  
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DRINKS NEVER TASTE THIN WITH GORDON'S GIN

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growing industrial nation that depends for energy almost entirely on coal. But Britain's coal resources are failing and the country has almost no oil. To the Fuel Ministry, nuclear power thus seems a heaven-sent answer. It will cost at first about 7 mills per kilowatt-hour. Even if this cost does not fall in the future, as is likely because of technical improvements, it will still be competitive with power from British coal.

**Private & Non-Military.** A striking feature of the program is that it seems to be independent of atomic weapons production. Britain's Atomic Energy Authority is not so all-embracing as the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission. It is concerned with research and development, and its part in the power program will be to give scientific advice and to train engineers. Private enterprise will design and build the nuclear power plants, much as if they were conventional steam plants. They will be paid for and operated by the government-controlled Electricity Authorities.

Preliminary work is already in progress. By 1957, says the ministry, the first full-scale power stations should reach the ground-breaking stage. Meanwhile, the nuclear operating engineers will learn their trade at the Calder Hall experimental generating station, which is approaching completion, and will be feeding 30,000 kw. of atomic electricity into the high lines in 1956.

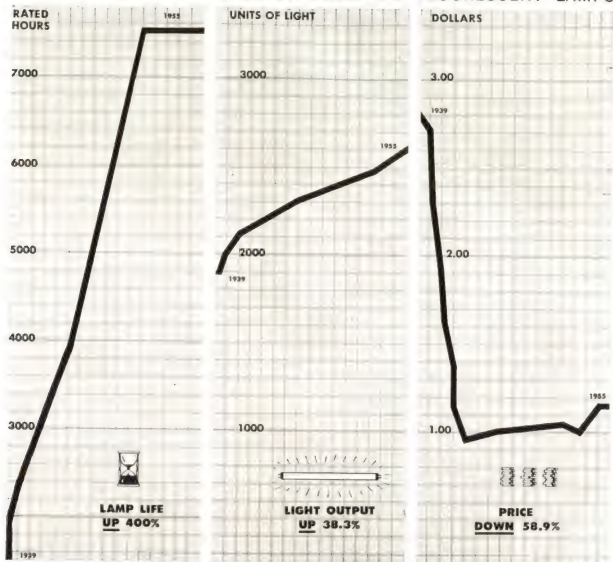
Britain's government-owned atomic industries already produce plutonium and uranium 235 for military purposes, but the Fuel Ministry apparently plans to get along without much help from them. Its first four full-sized stations (100,000 to 200,000 kw. each) will burn natural uranium, turning a little of the nonfissionable U-238 into plutonium. When enough plutonium is available, more efficient reactors will use it as fuel, some of them turning comparatively cheap thorium into fissionable U-233. Eventually Britain will build breeder reactors that produce more fuel than they consume.

**Plenty of Fuel.** In ten years, the ministry reckons, its nuclear power plants will be grinding out about 2,000,000 kw. During the following decade they will multiply fast enough to take care of all needs for additional electricity, rising toward 15 million kw. by 1975. The ministry does not anticipate trouble with uranium supply. "Recent evidence," it says guardedly, "suggests that uranium is more plentiful than was once thought." Available also is "the substitute fuel thorium, which should be available in considerable quantities if it is required."

In pushing the reactor program, Britain has more than domestic power in mind. "We must look forward," says the white paper, "to the time when a valuable export trade can be built up. The experience gained by British industry in designing and building nuclear power stations during the next ten years should lay the foundations for a rapid expansion both at home and overseas. . . . We shall then be in a position to fulfill our traditional role as an exporter of skill."



# YOU EXPECT THE BEST VALUE FROM G-E FLUORESCENT LAMPS



**16 times more value for  
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Today you don't have to pay more than \$1.15 for the finest fluorescent lamp made: General Electric. Sixteen years ago it would have cost you \$2.80 or \$1.65 more. And while price has been going down, we've been pushing quality up. General Electric has upped light output 38%, increased lamp life 400%.

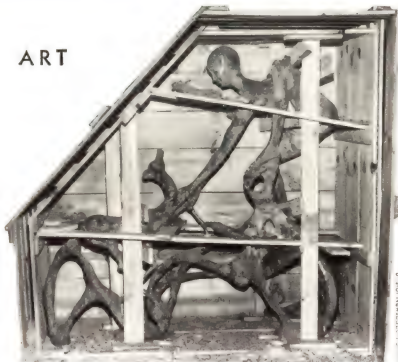
In terms of what you really judge lamps by, a General Electric 40-watt fluorescent lamp that lists at \$1.15 today is a 16-times bigger value than it was in 1939.

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## ART



SCULPTOR FAZZINI'S "SMALL BOY AND FAWN"  
The President was overruled.

### Groping Boy

When the town fathers of Bristol, Va. (pop. 15,954) set aside \$8,500 for "ornamental stone" to decorate their new \$1,200,000 high school, they did not specify exactly what they wanted. The choice was left to the school's architect, who decided on a piece from one of Italy's leading modern sculptors, Pericle Fazzini (TIME, May 7, 1951). But when the packing case arrived from Rome last year and the school officials got their first look, they gasped in pained surprise. Inside was a 6½-ft. expressionistic bronze statue of a nude, egg-headed boy, braced against a gnarled stump to rescue a fawn from drowning.

The local press promptly named the statue "The Groping Boy." Snapped Roy Elkins, managing editor of the *Bristol Virginia-Tennessean*: "The deer looks half-starved and the boy is in even worse shape." To most Bristol citizens the work was "idiotic," "ridiculous" and "a monstrosity." Last fortnight the city council voted to pay \$2,600 for the artist's expenses, and canceled the contract.

When the news of Bristol's rejection reached Rome, it set off an explosion in the Via Margutta studio of Sculptor Fazzini. Producing photos of Italy's President Luigi Einaudi admiring a clay reproduction of the statue, Fazzini indignantly snorted: "If it's good enough for the President of Italy, it should be good enough for a U.S. high school." Bristling with indignation, Sculptor Fazzini pointed out that he had done the altar columns for the new American College in Rome, had made a 10-ft. statue of St. Francis Xavier Cabrini, America's first saint, for Rome's Church of Saint Eusebius. "Where's Bris-

tol?" Fazzini angrily demanded, "To know who I am all you have to do is open any art publication or see who won the first prize at the international Biennale of Venice."

Back in Bristol, Fazzini's blast got a homespun retort. Editorialized the *Bristol Herald Courier*: "He said he didn't know where Bristol is after he learned us 'hill-billies' in this 'mountain-locked community' reckoned his divine piece of *Small Boy and Fawn* wasn't worth the asking price of \$8,500 in view of the need for other things—like schoolrooms and such . . . Now frankly we don't have any bones to pick with Mr. Fazzini. His statue may be a 'divine piece' and it may be worth \$8,500, but we're sorta old-fashioned hereabouts and kinda figure we could use the money better somewhere else."

Last week, while the school architect began looking around for new customers, Sculptor Fazzini's "Groping Boy" was still in its packing case at the Bristol high school.

### Twenty Years of Grace

The San Francisco Museum of Art was celebrating its 20th anniversary last week, marking a milestone as the country's second oldest museum (after Manhattan's) devoted solely to modern art. It was also paying warm tribute to the museum's scholarly director, Dr. Grace L. McCann Morley, 54. A woman who prefers tailored suits, sensible shoes, and wears her hair straight back in a bun, Director Morley, despite her retiring ways, has proved herself a dynamo in action. Her efforts have helped turn San Francisco into one of the nation's most enthusiastic strongholds of modern art.

**The Virtues of Poverty.** When Grace Morley first opened the museum on the fourth floor of San Francisco's War Memorial Building in 1935, she had one assistant, 98 prints and a handful of oils. She decided to make a virtue of the museum's poverty. Treating the museum primarily as an exhibition center, she filled the empty walls with more than 100 shows a year, kept up the busy pace until museumgoers were deluged with modern art. When a wave of enthusiasm for Mexican painting started after Diego Rivera painted his murals for the San Francisco Stock Exchange, Director Morley obtained Rivera's preliminary designs for the murals to start what is today an outstanding U.S. collection of modern Mexican and South American painting.

Today membership in the museum is a social must. The museum stays open until 10 p.m., keeps its members happy with a calendar chockablock with concerts, poetry readings, art classes and a movie series. Membership has jumped from 800 members in 1938 to more than 3,500 today. The museum's annual budget has increased from \$50,000 to \$118,000. Says an admiring rival San Francisco director: "Grace Morley has the most enthusiastic support from the community of any museum director I have ever heard of. On pauper's rations she has made the museum outstanding."

**Rooms with a View.** To give San Franciscans further proof of the museum's progress, Director Morley had on display last week the pick of its 4,000 works, most of them donated by enthusiastic San Francisco collectors. Included in the current anniversary show are the outstanding works from the museum's San Francisco Bay area annuals, which have given a boost to such artists as Dong Kingman and the late Matthew Barnes, a survey of Latin American art, important works by Braque, Klee, Matisse and Franz Marc. For the gala opening, the museum unveiled nine handsome new donations to the museum, including Georges Rouault's *Sea of Galilee*, and bronzes by Henry Moore, Braque and Matisse.



DIRECTOR MORLEY  
San Franciscans are spoiled.

The success of the San Francisco Museum has made Grace Morley an important figure in the museum world. Currently she is the president of the Association of Art Museum Directors. But Director Morley's overriding concern is to improve the lot of the artists themselves. The museum runs a rental service of contemporary works, promotes modern art with a TV show reaching 50,000 bay area viewers each week. But in trying to make San Franciscans bigger art buyers, Director Morley has run into one unmovable obstacle. "San Franciscans are spoiled by the view," she explains. "If they buy less than people in Cleveland, it is because they need it less. I only own a few pieces myself."

## Men of Mystery

In the Brooklyn Museum stands a splendid statuette of almost solid copper, silently questioning knowledgeable visitors. The questions: "Do I represent a hero, a king, a priest, a demon, a god, or some ancient's idea of a joke? Was I molded and cast by a Sumerian, Assyrian, Babylonian, Kassite, Hurrian, Hittite, Elamite, or by some barbaric genius of the Caucasus? Was my native city Eridu, perhaps, or Susa, Persepolis, Nineveh, Larsa, Lagash, Umma, Ur, Alalakh, or Hattusas? Am I 5,000 years old, or closer to a mere 3,000?"

An almost identical (though slightly damaged) statuette at Buffalo's Albright Gallery asks the same questions of the world's experts. Both first came to light when they turned up in the hands of a Baghdad dealer four years ago. Spectrographic analysis suggests that they are very old indeed. Stylistic analysis places them anywhere and everywhere in the Middle East. So far, no archaeologist has claimed to know of anything quite like them. The statuettes remain as baffling as the day they first came out of the earth.

Brooklyn's example (*at right*) is mysterious from head to toes. The helmet is adorned not with the familiar bull's horns of Mesopotamian moon gods, but with those of an ibex. The broad-cheeked face is Caucasian; the inlaid eyes date back to Sumeria. The staff in the hand is a later addition; no one knows whether the figure actually carried a staff, an offering, or a weapon. The pack on the back resembles the wings and tail of a great bird, and the pointed beard can be taken for a beak. The girdle is an ancient Middle Eastern symbol of power, worn by lion-strangling heroes in the bloody days of Assurnasirpal. The powerfully striding thighs are molded with an easy naturalism virtually unknown until the time of the Greeks, yet the cylindrical form and spellbound air of the entire figure are pre-Grecian. The boots are even odder than the horned helmet they counterpoint. Hittite sculptures sometimes have up-turned toes, but never so exaggerated. A few experts guess that the boots are a sort of combination ski and snowshoe, pointing to a mountain origin, yet most of the body is naked to the cold.

The science of archaeology is advancing into the past almost as rapidly as physics and electronics are hastening the future. In the Middle East, archaeologists turn up something new almost every week. But not until their digging provides some fresh clues are the questions put by Brooklyn's and Buffalo's statuettes likely to be answered.

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### New Plays in Manhattan

**Tonight in Samarkand** (by Jacques Deval and Lorenzo Semple Jr.) takes its theme from the famous Oriental legend—that about the inevitability of fate—that also suggested John O'Hara's *Appointment in Samarra*. The doom-dodger in this somewhat Oriental tale of French circus life is a much-besought tamer of tigers (Jan Farrand), who, fearing the future, gazes into the crystal ball of the magician (Louis Jourdan). In two flash-forwards the ball reveals that on her next birthday—whether she marries a juggler or a millionaire—she must perish in a steamship disaster. Finally, because his own future is the one thing the ball lacks the power to foretell, she marries the magician, who adores her.

Had there never been a philosophy of kismet, doubtless the theater would have invented one. For whatever its status as metaphysics, it makes a useful handmaiden for melodrama. And exploited, as in *Tonight in Samarkand*, with all the blare of circus music and color of circus life it achieves for two acts a certain quality of nice old-fashioned excitement. The play goes in for few philosophic frills, merely uses fate as a plot gimmick. A blonde girl symbolizes death, but no more abstrusely than a headwaiter symbolizes dinner.

The play, however, partly from possessing no deeper values, partly from having its outcome foreordained, in time starts dragging its feet. A third stanza of *I Have a Rendezvous with Death* seems excessive particularly as the chink in the final marriage's armor against fate is pretty easy to spot. For a lady who keeps late-dating doom, two earlier-in-the-evening admirers are quite enough.

**The Wayward Saint** (by Paul Vincent Carroll) is a St. Francis-like Irish canon who—to his own and his bishop's distress—gets a name for sainthood thrust upon him. His noticeable talents for talking to birds, healing children and making plums grow on cherry trees have forced the bishop to banish him to a remote country parish. There, in the form of a worldly baron, appears an emissary of the Devil, panting after such a trophy as the soul of a saint. Under the baron's prodding, the canon begins to think he really is a saint, starts meddling in lives and dabbling in miracles, and soon commits some serious clerical errors. Only in the nick of time is he saved from Hell and restored to his former humility.

*The Wayward Saint* has the materials for a delicate satiric fantasy; in spots it boasts nice, imaginative touches and humorous lines, and in Irish Actor Liam Redmond it has an expertly lovable canon. But the play falls flat. To begin with, a decidedly lightweight script has been cursed with ponderous staging. But the script itself is oftener cute than genuinely perky, and it is rich in events that are



JAN FARRAND & LOUIS JOURDAN  
Fate is a gimmick.

extraordinary without being interesting. The author of *Shadow and Substance* and *The White Steed*, rather than showing his old mettle with the Irish tongue, offers mere bits of verbal Irish lace. Some fairly standard jokes about the Irish and the clergy take on almost the character of leitmotifs. Even most of the characters fail to come off—including Paul Lukas as the baron. There the play does not give the Devil his due: the one thing an emissary of his would most certainly not be is a crashing bore.



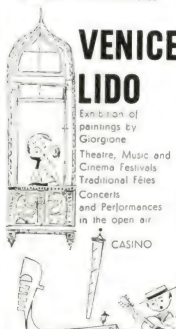
LIAM REDMOND  
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## RADIO & TV

### Aidma to Zilch

In its new edition of the *Television Dictionary Handbook*, Sponsor Services Inc. lists 2,200 TV terms, a big jump from the 300 carried in the first (1950) TV dictionary. Some of the more esoteric TV words:

**Aidma:** Recognized formulas for good commercials. A- attention, I- interest, D- desire, M- memory, A- action.

**Back-Time:** Timing a script backward from end to beginning.

**Belcher:** Performer with a frog in his throat.

**Bye-Bye:** Phrases beginning: "We now leave our studio . . ." "We now take you to . . ." etc.

**Cherry Pie:** Extra money earned for something other than ordinary work.

**Clientitis:** An occupational headache caused by a sponsor's unwelcome interference.

**Cow Catcher:** Isolated commercial at the start of a show.

**Dinky Ink:** The smallest of incandescent spots.

**Down in the Mud:** Music, speech or sound effect extremely low in volume.

**Drooling:** Padding a show with unimportant talk.

**Idiot Sheet:** Printed reminder sheets out of camera range.

**Quonking:** Distracting conversation by individuals not connected with the show.

**The Tip:** The viewing audience. "Holding the tip" means holding your audience.

**Whip Shot:** Very fast pan shot that usually blurs scene.

**Woof:** "On the nose" or O.K.

**Zilch:** Any unidentified person who walks into TV studio.

### Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, Feb. 23. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

#### TELEVISION

**Kraft TV Theater** (Wed. 9 p.m., NBC). Eugene O'Neill's *Emperor Jones*.

**Texaco Star Theater** (Sat. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Jimmy Durante, with Lisa Kirk.

**NBC Opera Theater** (Sun. 2:30 p.m., NBC). Molière's *The Would-Be Gentleman*, with music by Richard Strauss.

**Max Liebman Presents** (Sun. 7:30 p.m., NBC). *Big Time*, with Martha Raye, Milton Berle, Ray Bolger.

**Key to the Ages** (Sun. 8 p.m., ABC). Documentary on Dickens' *A Tale of Two Cities*.

#### RADIO

**Pope Pius XII** (Wed. 3:45 p.m., CBS). Message on the Bishops' Fund for War Orphans.

**Rotary Convention** (Wed. 10:15 p.m., CBS). Speech by Nobel Prizewinner Arthur Compton.

**New York Philharmonic** (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). Music of Brahms, Prokofiev.

**Kraft Music Hall** (Sun. 9 p.m., CBS). With Rudy Vallee.

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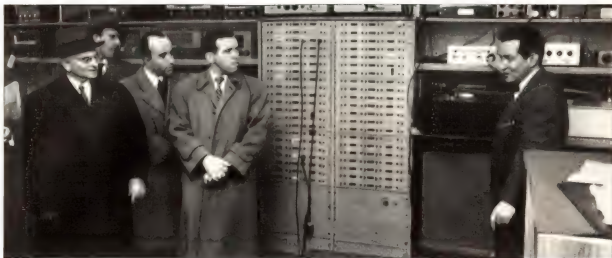
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## Going Like 60

Music may be for the young at heart, but it is not necessarily made by the young in years. Manhattan had a brilliant mid-season fortnight, with many of the star performers over 60 and showing no signs of giving up.

**Pierre Monteux**, 79, French-born conductor, shuttled from the Metropolitan Opera, where he led mellow performances of *Faust* (and will lead *Manon* and *Orfeo* this week), to Carnegie Hall and the Brooklyn Academy of Music for three well-played sessions with the Boston Symphony.

**Wilhelm Backhaus**, 70, returned to the U.S. (he was born in Germany and lives in Switzerland) to give his second post-war all-Beethoven piano recital for a full and cheering house.

**Mieczyslaw Horowitz**, 62, gave the eleventh recital in his back-breaking series of practically all of Beethoven's solo piano music.

**Dame Myra Hess**, 65, gave a standout performance of Brahms's *Piano Concerto No. 1* (the one supposedly too heroic for women to attempt) with the Philharmonic-Symphony, conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos (a mere 53).

**Paul Whiteman**, 63, who conducted the world premiere of *Rhapsody in Blue* in 1924, led a rousing Gershwin memorial program (including the *Rhapsody*) in Carnegie Hall.

**Vicente Escudero**, sixtyish Spanish dancer (he is not sure about his age), returned to the U.S. with a troupe of young dancers for the first time in 20 years and rapped out his *zapateados* with such élan that his show was held over for another two weeks.

**Andrés Segovia**, 62, the great Spanish guitarist, this week gave a recital in Town Hall.

**Benno Moiseiwitsch**, 61, appears in Carnegie Hall to play a program of piano classics (Bach-Liszt, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann).

## MUSIC

### Hi-Fi Takes Over

The audiophile was listening, fascinated, to a highly polished but weak-spirited phonograph. The tune was the familiar *Pagan Love Song*, but the words sounded strange: "Native cows are calling Do the wings go on . . ." Since the listener knew that the lyric actually reads: "Native hills are calling to them we belong," he was easily able to diagnose the troubles in the phonograph: limited frequency response; harmonic, intermodulation and transient distortion, peaking, and possibly flutter; non-linearity and needle talk. The audiophile's only prescription for a cure: get a high-fidelity rig.

Some 1,000,000 Americans have done



STUDIO TAPE RECORDING  
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just that—and thus established a new and burgeoning industry. Each week about 3,000 more homes go hi-fi. A mere fad until recently hi-fi has become a \$250 million business (equipment sales have increased as much as 100% in some areas since 1952). There is a standard pattern about two years after an area is saturated with TV, hi-fi moves in.

**What Is It?** The audiophile used to live surrounded by a litter of parts and soldering irons and spoke a strange jargon full of "cycles," "decibels," "curves," "roll-offs." Pre-hi-fi sets were unable to top the violin's range (about 8,000 cycles per second) and thus were "unfaithful" to all instruments but bass drum, timpani, bass tuba, piano, French horn and trombone (played softly without mutes). So the hi-fi fan went all out for high frequencies. Result: a widespread confusion of high fidelity with screeching strings and piercing piccolos.<sup>9</sup>

Today, the audiophile has relaxed. He still considers a wide-frequency response a must (good rigs now put out from 40 cps, the lowest bass viol note, to 15,000, one of the higher violin overtones), but the highs have become sweeter and less insistent. Curves, too, remain in his vocabulary, a "flat" curve being the graphical representation of the audiophile's ideal (it means that the equipment gives the same amount of emphasis to lows, middles and highs). In pursuit of this ideal, the hi-fi enthusiast still hovers anxiously over his treble and bass controls, giving rise to the story about the audiophile who went to hear a live concert under Leopold Stokowski and left the hall holding his ears and muttering: "Too much bass! Too much bass!"

"High-fidelity sound," says one expert, "is like the term love. It means whatever you choose it to mean." Hi-fi is, in fact, an attitude—a kind of passion to reproduce music exactly as it sounded in its

<sup>9</sup> The name of high fidelity—perhaps because too many ears are more sensitive to high frequencies than the male's.

natural setting, e.g., a symphony orchestra in a full concert hall, a string quartet in an intimate room. Record companies tag their output with such slogans as "Full Dimensional Sound" (Capitol), "New Orthophonic" (Victor), "Ultra High Fidelity" (Vox). Says one cynical executive: "High fidelity is the chlorophyll of the record business."

**What It Takes.** Behind the latest hi-fi labels on the records are few major new technological developments. Recording equipment is getting better all the time, but the process has been essentially the same since the general acceptance of the long-playing record, magnetic tape and the condenser microphone.\* What makes records better today is not so much electronic as esthetic know-how. To recreate "concert-hall realism," the recording director jockeys heavy, sound-absorbing flats around the studio, hangs big curtains across the hall, or records the sound "dead" and pipes it into a reverberation chamber to liven it up again. But there is now a sharp division of opinion on what is a "faithful" recording. Some sound men believe in much clipping of flawed passages and splicing in better ones from other takes. Others prefer to capture the heat of an inspired performance despite some imperfections.

What does hi-fi mean in the home? Manufacturers are mass-producing record players which they label hi-fi, to the indignation of dedicated audio fans, who insist on buying components separately (the fanciest equipment stores feature elaborate switching panels, so that customers can compare components on the spot). It is next to impossible, the dedicated argue, to buy a real high-fidelity rig in one box—the limited speaker enclosure will probably cause a booming bass or fuzzy drum rolls, and up to half of the price goes for cabinetry instead of equipment. The best buys among the package units—perhaps not as hi as fi should be, but certainly better than most old-fashioned phonographs—sell at around \$150. A good custom hi-fi rig costs at least twice that much, and the price can go as high as \$2,500.

In the wrong equipment, a great deal can go wrong with sound. Its top can be lopped off, like a headless amateur photograph, making a violin sound like a flute because its characteristic overtones are gone; its bottom can be restricted, making the basses sound an octave or more higher (or not at all). Overtones can be added that were never played by the musician (harmonic distortion) or be thickened (intermodulation).

Expensive equipment is not necessarily a guarantee against such hazards. But a good hi-fi system must include at least a turntable (price \$60), a diamond stylus (\$30) and magnetic cartridge (\$15), a good amplifier (\$100), and a loudspeaker system (\$150) which now usually consists of at least one woofer (a speaker designed to reproduce low tones) and tweeter (high tones). Tweeters may be

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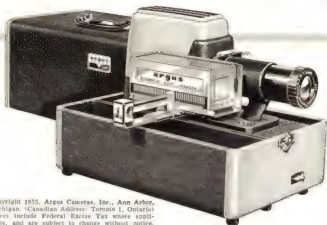
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cones (sweet, not too brilliant), horns (plenty of highs and often tinny), or the newly developed electrostatic type, in which a flat sheet of metal foil moves in the open air. Most speakers still need an enclosure of some six cubic feet, but it is no longer necessary to have huge columns standing about the living room.\*

**Looking Forward.** When the all-out audiophile swings into action, his pet weapon is the tape recorder, with which he captures music for future use from his FM radio or his own and his friends' LPs. At the current price of tape (up to \$5 per hour), the tapeworm's music will cost him about as much as the most expensive LP; often it will sound better,† because tape at its best reduces surface noise.

If the audiophile is on the prowl for the utmost realism, he will have gone binaural, with double sound channels and speakers, in the manner of cinema's stereophonic sound. At present he can use this expensive setup only to play tape and the records of one small company (Cook).

**New Era.** Artists have acquired new standards of perfection through hi-fi. Conductors and singers carefully study playbacks of their concerts, and composers use more subtle instrumental blends. Says one composer: "I think the whole Berlioz revival owes a lot to high fidelity. His orchestration always sounded muddy on old sets." Listeners are also developing their tastes: a fluff may be forgiven in a concert hall, but hearing it again and again on a record may lead the buyer to complain. Cracks Recordmaker Peter Bartók (son of the late great Béla): "The listener is a damn nuisance."

Nuisance or not, today's listener is part of a cultural revolution. The sound that comes through his speakers is not living music; its impact is no longer assisted by the sight of performers struggling with abstractions, nor by the massed reaction of a concert-hall audience. What this will do to musical taste is not clear; some think it will freeze on presold "great" classics, others that it will incline to spectacular moderns. But the important thing is that people who used to take in a live concert about as rarely as they went to the dentist are now daily exposed to good music in all its detail.

French Author-Critic André Malraux believes that the camera and modern reproduction techniques have revolutionized the art world by bringing art out of the museum. He calls this phenomenon the "Museum Without Walls." Something like it is happening with music: the U.S. musical revolution is taking place in the Concert Hall Without Walls.

\* A strong dissenting opinion to all of hi-fi was filed by an indignant Briton who recently wrote to *High Fidelity* magazine: "I fail to see what pleasure there is in having to have a unit with as many as 16 knobs and selector switches . . . Me, I am so old-fashioned that my home-built [unit] has no tone control . . . Furthermore, I am sure that I have rumble . . . pardon!"

† Pre-recorded tape is now being pushed by manufacturers. It is nearly twice as expensive as LPs and less convenient, but, played on medium-fi sets, sounds roughly comparable.





The sunshine in her smile comes

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## SPORT

### Best in Show

Manhattan's Madison Square Garden echoed to the barking babel of 2,537 contestants tuning up for the Westminster Kennel Club show. In the noisome cellar, poked and petted by nosy spectators, combed, brushed and pedicured within an inch of their lives, the dogs awaited the big moment. Stalwart Shelties whimpered and rattled their chains, baboon-faced Afghans paced and snarled, scrappy little Skye terriers yapped through their long hair. Off in a corner, professional handlers gave their charges a last-minute grooming before they went upstairs to strut. Their necks strapped high in dressing stands, long-suffering purebreds submitted to dog-dom's final indignity: a beauty treatment. Frisky beagles were primed and powdered like debutantes; embarrassed poodles got a final fluff on the ruthless clipping that had turned them into clowns.

Even Ch. Kippax ("Jock") Fearnought, 65 lbs. of snuffling, bowlegged bulldog, got the kind of going-over that lavender-scented old ladies save for their lap dogs. A splendid anachronism from the days when Britons still baited bulls, 28-month-old Jock waddled into the ring without so much as a briar scratch or the toothmark of an honest alley fight on his tough red-and-white hide. Bored, and too lazy to walk a step more than necessary, he took the blue ribbon among non sporting breeds.

American dog lovers, who seem to put up with a lot of nonsense, have never taken to bulldogs. Whelping is difficult; for all their rugged exterior, they often have a frail constitution. They are short-lived (six years is considered old). Most important, they are unsociable. "Jock is probably the most disobedient dog I've

ever known," said his diminutive (120 lbs.) owner, California Physician John A. Saylor. "He never plays. Bulldogs sit and brood—when they're not sleeping, that is. Jock spends nine-tenths of his waking hours asleep."

With fine disdain Jock stood in the ring while a silver-blond Afghan, a sealyham terrier, an English springer spaniel, a Yorkshire terrier and a boxer competed with him for best in show. "He just doesn't give a damn until he wants to give a damn," sighed Owner Saylor, "and he doesn't give one very often." But in the view of Judge Albert Van Court, Jock's massive shoulders, his wrinkled face with its powerful undershot jaw, and the low-slung carriage seemed little short of perfection. Not since 1913 had a bulldog won that final award.

### Drama at Flamingo Lake

It was so cold in Florida that the milk steels and silver-fox jackets were not just for show. But while the weather was cold, the betting was hot. Eleven miles as the helicopter flies from Miami's glossy, crowded ocean-front hotels stands spacious Hialeah, overrun by footsore fugitives from crammed Northern tracks. Last week Hialeah presented one of the biggest, CinemaScope spectacles to be found on any U.S. race track.

**Backdrop for Stars.** Hialeah was built by a man who has long served Florida's spiritual needs rather than its sporting habits. Church Architect Lester W. Geisler (he designed the million-dollar First Presbyterian Church on Miami's Brickell Avenue and the 18-acre, cruciform drive-in Pasadena Community Church at St. Petersburg). At Hialeah, a dignified formal park stretches to the \$2.5 million club-



NASHUA & SUNNY JIM  
"He's made perfect."

house. Not until he rides in an escalator into a profusion of bars, restaurants and pari-mutuel windows does the visitor get a glimpse of the track itself, which is framed by hedges of Australian pine and bougainvillea. Dominating the infield with its lush landscaped gardens, the shallow, double-kidney shape of the lake reflects the slow-circling pink flamingos, the tame black and white swans, and an occasional alligator from the neighboring Everglades Canal.

This week Hialeah's landscape will be a backdrop for another drama: the second of the meeting's two biggest races: \$100,000 Flamingo Stakes. The top stars: William Woodward's noble bay colt, Nashua, and Boston Doge, a dark bay sprinter owned by Paul Andolino, a Boston livery-stable operator.

**Prince & Pauper.** Bred to the purple at Maryland's rich Belair Stud (by Nasrullah out of Segula) and trained by 80-year-old Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, dean of American trackmen, Nashua went to Hialeah boasting a fine record as a two-year-old—six victories in eight starts—and a promising contender for the Kentucky Derby. Mr. Fitz, already a winner of three Derbys (Gallant Fox, 1930; Omaha, 1935; Johnstown, 1939), has brought him along slowly. Petted and pampered, watched and worried over like a prince, Nashua may work the kinks out of his legs in one more race before the Flamingo, but the Flamingo is the big race on his schedule, and he is ready. "He's a good-built horse," says Mr. Fitz. "He's made perfect."

If the old man has any worry at all, it is not that Nashua may not be fit, but that Boston Doge (by The Doge out of Boston Lady) may be faster. A cheeky contender from the wrong side of the tracks, the Beantown Bullet is as much of a surprise to his owner as he is to the public. A year ago, before Boston Doge had been raced, the Boston livery busi-



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the world's most  
trouble-free way!



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## Frigidaire Ice Cube Maker



Built and backed by General Motors

ness was bad, and it was said that Owner Paul Andolino would gladly peddle his little colt for \$7,500. This season Andolino has turned down offers of more than \$150,000.

For all Boston Doge's impressive record (eight victories in eight starts), Hialeah could not even find room for him in its fancy stables among the pink flamingos. On race days he vans to the track from nearby Tropical Park, his mane still uncombed, straw in his tail, a ragged pauper among high-bred thoroughbreds. Only when he begins to run does the class show through. Then he moves like a winner.

Each horse has yet to run a race of more than a mile—and the Flamingo is a mile and an eighth. Most of the smart money has already decided that Nashua has the stamina, the Boston Doge is a front runner who will fade in the last long furlong. To most of the paddock prophets it looked like a lock. "But don't forget," one of them hedged, "once, they even beat Man o' War."

## Viennese Waltz

Far ahead on points after skimming through the compulsory figures, honey-haired Tenley Albright, 19, stood poised and calm on Vienna's open-air rink as the band swung into a lilting melody. Then, with all the confidence of a champion, long-legged Tenley glided out to begin her free skating—the difficult double loops and axels and double salchows of her own devising.

It was time for a lesser competitor to turn careful. In 1953 Tenley won the women's world figure-skating championship, but last year when she started the free figures with the same confidence, a double flip dumped her flat on the ice. She went home an also-ran. Last week the pretty premedical student from Radcliffe College seemed to dare the same accident to happen again. Flip she did—to perfection. She whirled through all her other maneuvers with the same precise skill. For the second time in three years Tenley Albright, who kept on skating despite an attack of polio in 1946, took the title to the U.S. In second place: New York's Carol Heiss, 15.

In the men's figure skating the U.S. did just as well. Colorado's Hayes Alan Jenkins, 21, a devoted skater who spent so much time in the shadow of Harvard's Dick Button that he was tempted to quit, leaped and spun to his third straight championship.

## Scoreboard

¶ In the National A.A.U. championships, Kansan Wes Santee finally hit on the right tactics, held himself off the pace for the first three-quarters of the mile run, then burned up the boards of the Madison Square Garden track in a last-quarter dash that brought him home in a meet-record 4:07.9, three yards ahead of his persistent rivals. Denmark's Gunnar Nielsen and Private Fred Dwyer. Earlier, on the Garden's crowded infield, Lieut. Parry O'Brien put the 16-lb. shot to a new world indoor record: 59 ft. 5½ in.



United Press

**CHAMPION ALBRIGHT**  
Last year, flat on her salchow.

¶ At Santa Anita, Jockey Johnny Longden had a hard time handling Rex Ellsworth's colt Swaps, but booted him to the wire, winner by half a length in the Santa Anita Derby, West Coast preview for Kentucky Derby hopefuls.

¶ In Chicago, Middleweight Champion "Bobo" Olson, in a nontitle bout, took on "Tiger" Jones, the man who made a has-been of Sugar Ray Robinson (TIME, Jan. 31), snapped and slashed his punches with familiar authority, won his 19th straight victory, by a unanimous decision.



Pierre Boulart—Sports Illustrated  
**CHAMPION JENKINS**  
This year, nearly on the Button.

## Even the best heavyweights hang on the ropes

New overhead crane systems are stepping up production in plant after plant. Heavier weights and odd shapes—suspended on wire ropes and slings of tough, resilient steel—are lifted as easily as you handle a knife or fork.

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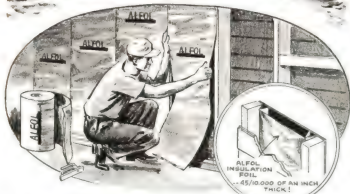


**SUPER BLIMP  
THROWS INVISIBLE NET  
SUBS CAN'T ESCAPE!**

**Ripley's**

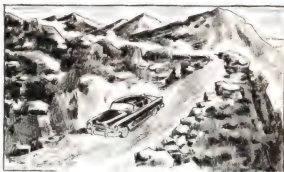


BIGGEST EVER BUILT, THE NAVY'S ZPG-2 BLIMP LOCATES PROWLING SUBS WITH SPECIAL EQUIPMENT THAT CREATES AN INVISIBLE DETECTION NET DEEP IN THE WATER. ONCE CAUGHT IN SUCH A NET, A SUB IS MARKED FOR DESTRUCTION. THE ZPG-2 MAY PATROL FOR A WEEK OR MORE NONSTOP, TO KEEP THE ENGINES WHIRLING STEADILY FOR SO LONG TAKES SPECIAL FUEL PUMPS FROM **B-W'S PESCO**. DURABLE AND PRECISE, THEY GIVE THE UNVARYING EFFICIENCY THAT IS SO VITAL.



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




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PLANE  AND MANY SHIPS  HAVE VITAL  
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HOURS A YEAR—  
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HOURS OF SERVICE—AN AVERAGE OF 38,000  
HOURS DAILY. SUCH A CONTRIBUTION OF TIME  
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275,000 TIMES TO MAKE  
BETTER REFRIGERATORS!**

IN ONE OF MANY TESTS OF THE NEWEST  
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A MACHINE JERKED OPEN THE DOORS  
AND BANGED THEM SHUT 7 TIMES A  
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OF EVERYDAY USE—YET THEY CAME  
THROUGH UNDAMAGED. SUCH THOROUGH  
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TRACKS BECOMES CLOGGED WITH  
DIRT AND DEBRIS. THIS PREVENTS  
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NOW A NEW MACHINE SCOOPS UP THE STONES,  
SCREENS OUT DIRT, DROPS THEM BACK—  
700 TONS AN HOUR! SUCH HEAVY LOADS  
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# BUSINESS

## STATE OF BUSINESS

### Firing Up

Blast furnaces glowed and roared in the steel centers of Pittsburgh, Youngstown and Chicago last week as the steel industry jacked its operating rate to 88.2%, the eighth consecutive weekly boost. According to this key barometer of the economy, the outlook has seldom been better. Last week's scheduled output of 2,129,000 tons was the best in two years, within striking distance of the alltime high of 2,324,000 set the week of March 23, 1953. With order backlogs soaring, the trade magazine *Iron Age* said: "If the rate of incoming business holds, raw steel output may reach 94% to 95% capacity sometime in March or early April."

The biggest demand came from the auto industry, which last week turned out

The quickening pace was felt by big and small alike. Youngstown Sheet & Tube and Sharon Steel each fired up an additional open hearth at their Youngstown plants. And Crucible Steel, which since the war has poured \$100 million into new plants instead of paying cash dividends, declared a quarterly payment of 50¢ a share, first since 1946.

## CORPORATIONS

### Through a Stone Wall

Tough-minded Textileman Royal Little, 58, says he got bald the hard way: by "butting into stone walls." As boss since 1928 of Textron, Inc., he built up a \$55 million firm on the theory that what the textile industry needed was a fully integrated company that produced everything from the staple to such finished goods as

paying \$600,000 back to Textron. A year ago, he lowered his head at the thickest stone wall of his career: he started a fight to 1) take over money-losing American Woolen Co., the largest U.S. maker of woolsens and worsteds, and 2) merge it with Textron.

Last week Royal Little crashed through the wall. At meetings in Boston and New York, stockholders of American Woolen, as well as those of Robbins Mills, overwhelmingly approved a merger with Textron. With 13,600 workers and 43 textile and other plants, the new Textron American, Inc. will be the sixth biggest textile company in the U.S. It will have \$160 million in assets, and estimated 1955 sales of some \$180 million. On top as chairman will sit Little; his president will be Robert L. Huffines Jr., president of Robbins; Joseph B. Ely, onetime governor of Massachusetts and for the past nine months head of American Woolen, will be chairman of the executive committee. Said Little: "The merger was the quickest one ever accomplished. It took only one year." Added Ely: "It was a hell of a year."

**Unbeatable Combination.** That year was filled with fights, recriminations and adjourned stockholders' meetings as American's management tried to keep its own identity. Little finally settled the matter by buying American Woolen common stock with Textron cash and preferred stock, until he had 47% control. Meanwhile, he had also acquired 42% control of Robbins Mills, a synthetics producer with modern machinery.

On the surface, American Woolen was far from a prize catch. Once the powerhouse of the woolen industry, it saw its sales plummet in two years from \$253 million to \$73 million in 1953. In the past three years its losses have totaled more than \$30 million. Only recently did it make a halfhearted attempt to get into synthetics; its northern plants are antiquated and its invasion of the South consisted of buying an old tobacco warehouse and an ancient mill. But Royal Little's reasons for wanting American were plain: it has \$28 million in working capital and a \$30 million tax loss that can be used to offset future profits. Said a Little man last week: "Textron has the management. Robbins has the plants, American Woolen has the money."

**50-50 Split.** With the money, Chairman Little expects to broaden Robbins' synthetics markets and further the wide diversification program that has already enabled Textron to turn the profit corner again (1954 net: \$1,000,000). His non-textile plants last year turned out \$40 million worth of products ranging from vibration testers to radar antennas. v. Textron's 1954 textile sales of \$60 million. As for Little's tax-free trusts (no longer connected with Textron's control), they will be used to provide pension funds for the new company.



TEXTRON AMERICAN'S ELY, HUFFINES & LITTLE

One part cash, one part plants, one part management.

175,000 cars for its second record week in a row. General Motors' output of nearly 86,000 cars and Chrysler's 34,000 were the highest ever; Ford's 44,000 was a postwar peak. Throughout the auto industry, plants were working Saturdays and overtime to get the cars to market.

What encouraged steelmen most was the fact that demand from other industries was still growing. Railroad carbuilding was picking up, with a corresponding upswing in orders for steel bars and plate. The booming construction industry was putting the pressure on producers of galvanized sheets, while appliance makers, striving to furnish the nation's new houses, were ordering enameling sheets for delivery months in the future. To stock the kitchen shelves, the canning industry boosted its orders for tin plate, with the seasonal high still to come.

negleees, blouses and bedspreads. Until 1948 the theory worked well, and Textron prospered with the rest of the textile industry, but when the industry went into its postwar slump Textron's profits turned to losses. Little found out that in the textile field, especially in finished products, it is hard to cash in on a brand name, since consumers buy according to the style of the blouse, not the brand of the cloth.

Little reversed his field, abandoned integration, and went in for diversification by buying non-textile companies. Five years ago, he ran into a stone wall of another sort—a stockholder's suit charging that Little had set up a maze of charitable trusts which owned some of Textron's property, and that through them, he had pocketed profits that should actually have gone to Textron. Little settled the suit by



## TIME CLOCK

Little plans to keep Textron American's northern mills producing fancy woolsens and worsteds. But convinced that diversification is the only way to stabilize earnings in the feast-and-famine textile industry, he has already set up Amerotex, a sales subsidiary for all three divisions. Little will add more new products, hopes to see sales of \$300 million by 1956, with a 50-50 split between textiles and other goods.

### Pencil Pact

When Scripto, Inc. and Parker Pen Co. each announced that they had a new kind of pencil that writes with liquid graphite and never has to be sharpened (TIME, Feb. 7), everyone in the industry expected a dingdong patent fight and a sales battle. Scripto's "Fluidlead," already on the market, was a 40¢ pencil; Parker's "Liquid Lead," a model at under \$5, was to be brought out in the spring.

Last week on Valentine's Day, instead of scrapping, the two companies kissed and made up. To avoid the expense and confusion of a long patent battle, Scripto and Parker signed an agreement (in ink) that will allow them to use each other's formulas for a royalty. Scripto, as it has previously, will concentrate on the low-priced field; Parker will stick to the higher-priced pencil. Both companies will use Parker's Liquid Lead name, hoping that the agreement will discourage the kind of fly-by-night competition that almost ruined the industry in the early days of the ball-point pen. Said Parker's Executive Vice President Daniel Parker: "We feel that with a high-quality standard, any imitators at a lower-quality level will find it pretty tough sledding."

Prospective competitors would have to move fast indeed. Scripto is already producing 60,000 fluid graphite pencils a day, is sold out well into May. Said Scripto President James V. Carmichael: "By the time we catch up with present orders, we will be 3,000,000 units behind."

### AVIATION

#### Betting on the Comet

Britain last week decided to pin its jet-liner hopes on the Comet. On the heels of a final report placing the blame for two Comet I crashes off Italy on metal fatigue, de Havilland announced that it will go ahead with construction of the Comet II and III. They will have such improvements as thicker skins, oval instead of rectangular windows, to correct the faulty design that caused the Comet I to explode in mid-air. De Havilland set no delivery dates, but the first plane will probably not be ready before 1957.

With Britain's air prestige at stake, the government is doing everything possible to make the new planes a success. In the House of Commons, Transport and Civil Aviation Minister John Boyd-Carpenter announced that government-owned Brit-

ish Overseas Airways would honor its order for twelve Comet II's and five Comet III's, added that BOAC might even up its order with three more Comets. The Royal Air Force will also lend a helping hand by taking the remaining five Comet I's off BOAC's hands, use them for research and development.

Even so, it is liable to be a long, hard climb. Though none of the foreign airlines, which have 26 Comet II's and III's on order, have canceled out, de Havilland will have to renegotiate each contract again, and it has 20 Comet II's already substantially completed in its hangars. To guard against too heavy a loss, Minister Boyd-Carpenter said that "a number of Comet II's in a modified version are being ordered for delivery to the R.A.F. . . as early as the work involved allows."

**STOCK GAINS** in the next two years may push the Dow-Jones industrial average as high as 500, nearly a 25% rise, predicts FORTUNE. Barring war and no recession worse than the 1953-54 slump, stock dividends will jump 48% by 1957, and 65% (to a total of \$16.5 billion) by 1959. Gross national product will soar an estimated 16% to \$440 billion in the next four years.

**AIRPORT PLAN** for New York's International Airport at Idlewild will turn it into the world's most modern terminal, capable of handling 140 airliners at one time. To cost \$60 million, the project calls for a 655-acre "Terminal City" with an eleven-block-long arrival building, two adjacent wing buildings, seven individual airline terminal buildings, plus a maze of taxiways and aprons. First buildings will be ready for their first passengers early in 1957.

**NEW CERTIFIED MAIL** system will start soon unless the Post Office Department gets serious objections from the public. To supplement current registered mail (minimum charge: 30¢), new system will use a special 15¢ stamp to entitle senders to a receipt proving that the letter

was mailed. The post office will file a delivery receipt and give one to the sender for an extra 7¢. Letter writers who want insurance will have to pay registered-mail rates as before.

**HELICOPTER COMPETITION** to give the Army a new whirlybird was won by Bell Aircraft over seven other firms. Bell will get a development contract for a lightweight utility helicopter with cruising speed of 115 m.p.h. which can be used to evacuate wounded.

**TIRE PRICES** are going up again for the third time since November. B.F. Goodrich has just boosted all passenger and truck tire prices another 2½% to 5%, and the other big producers will probably soon follow suit, thus making the total price rise 15% since last fall. Reason: heavy demand, which has sent natural rubber prices up from 27½¢ to 35¢ a lb. since Dec. 1.

**LORD & TAYLOR** moved in on staid Philadelphia this week with all the whistle and whee of a Hollywood premiere. To open its new suburban branch, Manhattan's Lord & Taylor decorated its store entrances with 75,000 dogwood blossoms plus immense, palpitating pink velvet hearts inscribed "Lord & Taylor Just Loves the Land of Brotherly Love," and prepared to spray all visitors entering its doors from a 10-gal. (1,280 oz.) tank of Shalimar perfume costing \$20 an oz. retail.

**FREE RICE** for school lunches will be distributed by the Government because of increasing surpluses. As a starter the Government has already sent 139 carloads to nine southeastern states for distribution to schools and institutions.

**SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO.** will follow Esso Standard Oil Co. (formerly Standard Oil of New Jersey) in changing its name to reflect the trademark on its products. The company will tie to Socony Mobil Oil Co., Inc., to change in with its Mobilgas, Mobiloil, Mobilheat products.

#### Down with the Swoose

To established U.S. airlines, North American Airlines is neither swan nor goose but an unloved and awkward swoose. Technically a nonscheduled operator under CAB rules calling for "irregular" and "infrequent" flights, it has nevertheless grown into a \$9,000,000 outfit operating one of the biggest transcontinental air-coach services. Last week, with North American's 1954 sales topping \$11 million, the CAB decided to clip the big hybrid's wings. A CAB examiner recommended that North American be grounded for operating a scheduled airline in violation of CAB regulations.

**Battles & Coaches.** The trouble was nothing new for North American's four Los Angeles co-owners—Stanley Weiss,

# BETTER HIGHWAYS.

## Private Toll Roads Show the Way

EVERYBODY agrees that the U.S. needs more and better roads, but almost nobody agrees on how to pay for them. While the argument rages, Texas has gone ahead and devised something new: the nation's first privately owned and privately financed modern toll roads. This week the Texas Turnpike Co. will start constructing a 223-mile, four-lane thruway from the Dallas area to Houston, at a cost of \$140 million. At the same time the Sam Houston Toll Road Corp. will start building the first leg (Dallas-Waco, 83 miles) of its \$140 million, 246-mile Dallas-San Antonio Thruway. The two corporations, franchised as nonprofit public utilities by the Texas legislature, will float 40-year bonds at 4-5%, pay all costs of construction and operation, including salaries for the promoter-operators. When the bonds are paid off, the turnpikes will become state property.

The Texas idea is a new turn in the development of toll turnpikes. Ten years ago, the nation had less than 300 miles of major toll highways. Today there are 1,058 miles in operation, 1,247 under construction, and another 6,232 either ready for construction or proposed. Until now, all have been built by states or municipalities. Of the \$2.4 billion of highway bonds floated last year, \$2.2 billion were for toll roads. Some have been phenomenally successful. For example, the 118-mile New Jersey Turnpike, opened in 1957, took in \$20,756,344 last year, more than double the engineers' estimate of \$9,500,000. On the other hand, West Virginia's turnpike traffic is running below estimates, and its bonds are below par. Actually, the toll road is only suitable through a densely populated area, is not a cure-all to the nationwide need for better roads. Traffic engineers estimated that no more than 9,000 miles of U.S. highway (of a total 3,348,000 miles) carry enough traffic to pay for themselves through tolls.

If the toll road is not the answer, what is the best way to finance U.S. highways? For the most part, the nation's roads are still being built or repaired with revenue from gasoline taxes, license-plate fees and other taxes on motorists and truckers. But in most states the immediate need for roads is greater than the immediate income, and the double-edged question of taxing motorists and building highways regularly touches off pitched battles in state capitals.

One big handicap to road construc-

tion is the diversion of motor-vehicle revenue into nonhighway purposes, such as public welfare and mental hospitals. Last year the New Jersey legislature tacked a 1¢ increase on to the 3¢ state gasoline tax, earmarked it for state aid to local schools. Thus, out of \$100 million in motor vehicle revenue collected in New Jersey this year, the State Highway Department got only \$15 million to spend on highway construction. Half the states have constitutional amendments to block such diversions, and some want to go further: they have asked the Federal Government to give up its 2¢-a-gallon tax on gasoline and diesel fuel so that the states can collect it. But if the federal gas tax were abolished, many a state legislature would hesitate to reimpose it. Thus, the highway funds the Federal Government now collects and gives back to the states (\$875 million this year) would be lost. Moreover, the U.S. Bureau of Public Roads believes that only by enforcing minimum federal standards will the nation have the well-knit interstate system it needs. Every tourist who has crossed a state line knows the experience of going from a broad, well-paved highway onto a narrow, crumbling strip of tar and gravel.

To try to solve the nation's highway problem, President Eisenhower this week formally presented to Congress his program to build \$101 billion worth of roads over the next ten years. He wants to do this by raising federal grants from about \$9 billion to \$30 billion, persuading state and local authorities to revise their spending from about \$38 billion to \$71 billion. To finance the Federal Government's additional share, President Eisenhower's highway committee wants to set up a Federal Highways Corp. that would float some \$20 billion in bonds, sell them to private investors around the U.S. It estimates that these bonds could easily be paid off over 30 years from the 2¢ gasoline tax.

Some Democrats complain that an autonomous highway corporation would pave the way for other autonomous agencies to build hospitals, schools, etc. But many a businessman wonders: Why not? When a merchant or manufacturer needs to modernize and grow, he does not hesitate to borrow if he knows he can pay off the loan out of his future profits. In the same way, allowing private investors to put up the necessary cash to build roads would get roads built without either federal or state governments going further into debt.

43. James Fischgrund, 39. Ross R. Hart, 40, and Jack B. Lewin, 42. Separately and together, they have been fighting CAB for years. Returning from the war, Fischgrund, a Navy lieutenant commander, and Weiss, an ex-Air Corps transport pilot, bought two war-surplus Douglas C-47 transports for \$15,000 down, and formed Standard Airlines. Hart and Lewin, two Douglas Aircraft employees, formed their own Viking Airlines with the money raised from 29 co-workers. The two lines pioneered cut-rate air-coach flights. By 1948 they had 80% of the transcontinental air-coach business sewed up between them.

This was too successful both for CAB and the big scheduled airlines. Charging that the lines flew too regularly and too often, CAB put them out of business. The four-man team of flyers promptly organized North American as a series of interlocking companies to get around the rules. First they formed Republic Air Coach System to handle the financial end, then bought up four small nonscheduled lines with valid CAB letters of registration—Twentieth Century Air Lines, Trans National Airlines, Trans American Airways, Hemisphere Air Transport—to supply planes and pilots.

North American itself, though its name is on all planes, acted merely as a ticket agency. With that setup, Fischgrund, Weiss & Co. started maneuvering their four "flying companies" to operate what amounted to a regular scheduled airline. Though no one company ever flew at the same time each day, the four combined could put together a solid, round-the-clock schedule by jockeying their flights back and forth.

"Perfect Safety." The CAB took out after North American almost as soon as it started. But by one legal dodge after another, the line has managed to keep going. And it has turned into a whopping success. It started the first \$99 fare coast to coast, expanded its air-coach business so fast that it forced the scheduled lines to start air-coach flights (today 34% of all airline travel is by air coach). North American made enough money to buy two Douglas DC-6Bs for nonstop transcontinental flights, has three more on order, and has been able to chop its coast-to-coast fare to \$75 one way. The line can also boast proudly in its ads that it has flown "1 billion passenger-miles without an accident—A perfect safety record."

North American, which will keep on flying while it files an appeal before the full board, makes no bones about its determination to force its way into the exclusive circle of scheduled airlines. The line argues that CAB doctrine since the board was first set up in 1938 has been to limit the number of trunk airlines to the 16 "grandfather" lines (American, Eastern, United, T.W.A., etc.) operating at that time. Since then, three have been dropped out, but no new names have been added to the roster, though 27 small feeder services have been authorized. Instead of expanding existing airlines to fill all U.S. needs, North American wants the CAB to let it provide new service and competition.

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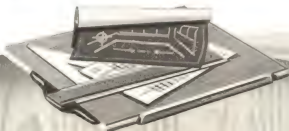
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## MODERN LIVING

### On the Carpet

Since the war, despite the housing boom, rugs have not been selling well. Housewives who hurried out to fill their new homes with furniture, appliances and TV sets often put off rug buying. Such leaders as Bigelow-Sanford, Alexander Smith, James Lees and Mohawk, which once boasted a combined business of \$330 million, have been hardest hit of all, seen their overall profits slump by 65%. Partly, the industry blamed its trouble on high costs and consumer resistance. But mostly it is due to a technological revolution in rugmaking that has left the old leaders and their woolen rugs far behind.

Last week the old-line companies were busy changing their ways to meet the new challenge. James Lees, which once sold as much as \$71 million worth of wool carpets annually, has stopped all wool-yarn production at its Bridgeport, Pa. plant, because of "heavy inroads" by newer yarns and processes. It will spend \$2,300,000 retooling to produce more modern rugs. A second big company, Alexander Smith Inc., has shut down its Yonkers, N.Y. woven carpet mill entirely, is moving to four newer mills (TIME,

July 5), and is planning to buy a fifth to make new cotton and synthetic rugs. After a \$27 million loss since 1950, it expects to be back in the black by July. Last week Bigelow-Sanford Carpet Co., biggest U.S. carpet maker, was closing down its century-old carpet mill at Amsterdam, N.Y., to consolidate production at Thompsonville, Conn., put more emphasis on the new synthetic and cotton fibers. Bigelow-Sanford reported that its 1954 sales were down 7%, its profits off by a staggering 97%, to only \$108,000 last year.

**China & Cotton.** The changes are the price of survival for the old leaders. For years the biggest firms made only three standard types of carpets, all of them woolen and all on looms. The grades ranged from a low-price Axminster weave to a more expensive velvet weave, and a Wilton weave, costliest of all. The best wool for these rugs came from China, India and Pakistan. But in 1950 China slapped an embargo on all wool exports; India and Pakistan followed with stiff quotas on shipments, thus cutting off nearly 30% of the best grade of U.S. wool imports. Prices promptly quadrupled, to as much as \$2.30 a lb., and the cost of finished rugs spiraled alarmingly. At the same time a revolutionary new method

of rugmaking with material other than wool was tempting housewives away from the traditional favorites.

In the South manufacturers of chenille bath mats started making full-scale cotton rugs with fast tufting machines in which 730 huge needles did the work of the old-fashioned looms. Instead of a bobbin and shuttle, the new machines pushed loops of yarn back and forth through a mat like a sewing machine, and did it seven to eight times faster than looms.

Using cheap cotton, the Southern firms made rugs that cost as little as \$4 a sq. yd. (\$10 for the best grade), compared to \$9 and \$15 for good-quality wool rugs. The new cotton rugs matted easily, soiled faster and absorbed more moisture than wool, but they could be cleaned at home. U.S. housewives found cotton rugs a good substitute, and rushed to buy. One former carpet salesman named Eugene Barwick started a company in Georgia on only \$4,500, now has expanded his business into a whole line of tufted rugs with annual sales of \$12 million.

**Moths & Saran.** Today, such firms as Masland, Firth, and Arlloom have all switched over to the new tufted rugs. Besides cotton, the industry is now using new synthetic yarns. Masland has an all-



### TRADE MARDI GRAS

TO raise funds for 100 charities, the New York Junior League last week invited 20 big U.S. business firms to its fourth annual Mardi Gras Ball at Manhattan's Sheraton Astor hotel. As sponsors, the companies put up \$1,500 apiece for charity, and in return got a chance to advertise themselves in a different and glamorous way. At the ball, league members came prettily dressed as industrial mannequins, among them Miss Columbia Broadcasting, Miss General Motors and Miss Fuller Brush.





Murray Garrett—Graphic House  
ORLAN CRAWFORD & DRILLER  
Turn east from Main Street.

rayon rug that, it says, wears better and stays clean longer than cotton and has about the same resiliency as wool. Cost: about \$10 a sq. yd. Firth has coated wool with vinyl plastic to make it wear longer; Nye-Wait and others have brought out nylon rugs that cost more than wool (\$15 to \$45 a sq. yd.) but wear better, are mothproof, and have a rich, glittery shine that housewives like. The stylists have put synthetic rugs out in every pattern from standard flowered designs to tweeds, plaids and bright basket weaves. Some of the rugmakers are even experimenting with Orlan and Dacron as rug fabrics. One of the newest: Masland's Saranette line (\$11 a sq. yd.) made from Dow Chemical's Saran, which is softer than nylon and has the advantage of being almost impervious to ordinary stains.

The new technology and synthetic fabrics may well run away with the market. Sales of the standard loomed Axminster wool rugs have declined more than 20% in the last decade, and only the fancier wool grades are gaining in popularity. At last count, tufting machines were busily turning out rugs in 150 mills throughout the U.S., accounting for 29% of the rug market.

## OIL

### The Boom That Jack Built

As an undergraduate at the University of Southern California, young Jack Crawford got some advice from his oilman father. "Son," said he, "don't go to work for anyone else if you can help it. Either go broke or make a fortune, but don't take a job." Jack Crawford took the advice. He ran a college dance band, saved up \$8,000 from its bookings and, after some postgraduate work in geology at Texas A. & M., started buying oil leases in Huntington Beach, Calif. (pop. 6,000). On the west side of town and around it lies one of the state's biggest oil fields, but no one has found oil east of Main Street. From geological and electronic surveys, Jack Crawford decided that another big pool lay right under

the shantytown section of eastern Huntington Beach.

With \$90,000 from his father and another oilman, Crawford sank his first shantytown well. It was a modest producer. He sank two more, found more oil, and started his fourth well. At dawn on New Year's Day, after playing trumpet with Horace Heidt's band in Los Angeles, Crawford hustled to the drilling site. He arrived in time to see his drillers bring in a gusher from a new formation—and start a rush of oilmen to Huntington Beach.

As oilmen bought up leases, Huntington Beach turned into a boom town. New restaurants opened up, boarding houses and nearby motels were jammed. New wells came in and spattered the houses with oil. What was once shantytown became known as Cadillac Lane, as house-holders collected fat royalties from their property and lease bonuses ranging as high as \$30,000.

By last week more than 70 wells were already in operation or being drilled in Crawford's new field. Crawford himself, though he had ten producing wells and was drilling four more, had more important things to do than stay around Huntington Beach. On his 24th birthday, a month ago, he brought in a gusher seven miles to the north, is now developing what he thinks is an even bigger field.

## GOODS & SERVICES

### New Ideas

**Lightweight Motorcycle.** Milwaukee's Harley-Davidson Motor Co. unveiled a lightweight motorcycle called the Hummer. Weighing 160 lbs., the Hummer will get up to 100 miles per gallon, a top speed of 40 m.p.h. Price: \$320 f.o.b. Milwaukee (about \$100 under Harley's previous low-priced model).

**"Thermos Bottle"** Barges. The Coyle Lines, Inc. of New Orleans took delivery on the first of three "thermos bottle" barges that will carry liquid sulphur from Port Sulphur, La. to St. Louis. Currently shipped mostly in solid form, sulphur now will be transported just as it is drawn from the earth, eliminating several costly handling processes.

**Waterproof Shoes.** The Dow Corning Corp., jointly owned by Dow Chemical and Corning Glass, has developed a silicone product that will make leather virtually waterproof. First use of the chemical (trade name: Sylflex) will be for shoes. The Charles A. Eaton Co. will use it on golf shoes; Endicott Johnson Shoe Corp. will try it on a combination work-and-sports boot. Treated shoes will shed water, still allow air to come through to cool the foot.

**Briefcase Tape Recorder.** A battery-operated magnetic tape recorder that is built into an average-sized leather briefcase and weighs less than 12 lbs. has been put on the market by Manhattan's Amplifier Corp. of America. The recorder, operated by touching a combination lock and switch, can pick up whispers at 12 ft. and ordinary speech at 100 ft. It provides recording for 1½ hours. Price: \$225.

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A man comes into our office and wants to talk to somebody about investing.

He says he's been reading our advertisements for some time . . . thinks that we're right about the long-range growth of American business . . . and wants to get a fair return on the money he has saved.

As a matter of fact, he's been studying the financial pages of the paper and has pretty well decided on the stock he wants to buy.

Well, that's our business—executing orders to buy stocks—so we're willing to, of course.

But as a general rule, we'll try to find out a little more about our new customer first, a little more about where the money comes from.

Not how he got it—but whether he can afford to invest it.

*For instance:* About how much is he able to save each month?

*For instance:* How much of a cushion will this purchase leave him?

*For instance:* Is the stock he wants to buy really suited to his particular situation?

Now, maybe you think those questions are none of our business—but we think they are!

Because there's always some risk in any investment—even the highest-grade bonds—and we simply feel that it's our responsibility to point that risk out for the benefit of those who may not be able to afford it.

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## MILESTONES

**Born.** To Nancy Oakes, 31, daughter of the late Sir Harry Oakes and ex-wife of Count Alfred de Marigny, who was acquitted in 1943 of the murder of his father-in-law in Nassau, and Baron Ernst Lyssard von Hoyningen Huene, 25, of Oberammergau, Germany; their first child, a son; in Nassau, Bahama Is.

**Married.** Maria Eugenia Pinilla, 27, daughter of President Gustavo Rojas Pinilla of Colombia; and Samuel Moreno, 33, lawyer and director of the influential Conservative daily, *Diario de Colombia*; in Bogotá, Colombia.

**Married.** John Wilmer Galbreath, 57, Ohio real estate tycoon and president of the Pittsburgh Pirates baseball club; and Mrs. Russell Firestone, fiftyish, widow of the second son of Harvey S. Firestone, founder of the Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.; both for the second time; in Miami.

**Died.** Pete Jarman, 62, longtime (1937-49) Congressman from Alabama and post-war (1949-53) U.S. Ambassador to Australia; of a heart attack; in Washington.

**Died.** Kim Sung Soo, 64, onetime (1951-52) Vice President of South Korea, head of the anti-Syngman Rhee Democratic Nationalist Party; of palsy; in Seoul, Korea. Kim resigned as Vice President as a protest against Rhee's declaration of a state of martial law in 1952 and his penchant for jailing National Assembly critics of his government.

**Died.** Sahebzadi Azam-Un-Nisa Begum Saheba, 65, first of the four wives (two still alive) of His Exalted Highness Osman Ali Khan, Nizam of Hyderabad, 72, often reputed to be the world's richest man (estimated assets: \$1 to \$2 billion), and mother of the Nizam's heir, Azam Jah, 48, Prince of Berar; in Hyderabad, India. In addition to his surviving wives, the Nizam has 42 women in his harem, 33 living children, 46 grandchildren.

**Died.** William Bingham II, 75, Cleveland-born philanthropist, famed for his efforts to improve rural medical facilities throughout the New England area; in Miami Beach. In the 1920s and '30s Bingham gave away \$3,000,000, much of it for the organization and support of the Bingham Associates Fund and Boston's Joseph H. Pratt Diagnostic Hospital to make metropolitan medical facilities available to country doctors.

**Died.** Charles Donagh Maginnis, 88, veteran U.S. designer and architect of ecclesiastical buildings, e.g., the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception in Washington, the bronze doors of Manhattan's St. Patrick's Cathedral, Knight of Malta by appointment (1945) of Pope Pius XII, twice (1937 and 1938) president of the American Institute of Architects; in Boston.

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## CINEMA

### Change of Heart

After deep soul-searching and some well-considered arithmetic, the movie industry is cuddling up to the little monster that gave it such a scare a few years ago. Items:

Q 20th Century-Fox announced that it will completely overhaul a ten-stage Hollywood studio at a cost of "several million dollars" for full TV film production.

Q One exhibitor (National Theatres, Inc.) proved that TV advertising can be a more effective box-office draw than newspaper ads. A spot check of 20,000 Denver and Kansas City moviegoers indicated that 35.1% were drawn by newspapers to see Walt Disney's *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*, 38.5% were drawn by Disneyland on TV.

Q A recent trend, e.g., *Dragnet*, is to turn TV plays into movies, using the TV shows as publicity buildups. Several studios and independents are bidding for *Patterns*, the TV play about big business that got a repeat performance fortnight ago on Kraft TV Theater (TIME, Feb. 21). Seven other TV shows have either been made into movies or are under consideration, including *Marly*, *Dear Phoebe*, *Halls of Ivy* and *Waterfront*.

Q One Detroit theater owner brought the onetime enemy right into his lobby. "We run a lot of art pictures," he explained "and I've found out there are many husbands who don't go much for them. Well, if the husband didn't like the show, he simply went out in the lobby where he could watch the fights."

### The New Pictures

Six Bridges to Cross (Universal-International), a well-made cops-and-robbers thriller, might have an arresting subtitle: *They Stole \$2,500,000 and Got Away with It*. That is more or less what happened five years ago in Boston when a well-organized band of crooks relieved Brinks. Inc. of its clients' assets. Jerry Flore (Tony Curtis), a born organizer, rises from a Boston gutter to mastermind the multimillion-dollar robbery. Policeman Ed Gallagher (George Nader), Jerry's long-time friendly enemy, cannot break his alibi. Just as Jerry is about to split the take, it turns out that the story idea was only half right for Hollywood. Jaws drop, eyes pop, and guys go for gats as Jerry announces to his hoods that he is going to return the millions and give himself up. "You wouldn't understand," he snarls and adds disarmingly, "I don't either." As the bullets cut Jerry down, those who know the rules of Hollywood censorship will understand perfectly: in a U.S.-distributed movie, you can't get away with murder—or even \$2,500,000.

**Underwater!** (RKO Radio). Fill a bathing suit with Jane Russell, toss into water and mix well into a \$3,000,000 movie. Season the movie with submarine photography, a few sharks, two treasure-



RUSSELL, ROLAND (LEFT) & EGAN  
Divers assets.

hunting skin-divers and one sunken Spanish galleon. The result is likely to be a lot of bullion. By the time *Skin-Divers* Richard Egan and Gilbert Roland surface with the gold ingots, Jane has displayed her more notable talents in high-cut shorts, low-cut dresses, pajamas, a nightgown, one-piece and two-piece swim suits. Her clothes designer can hardly be held responsible for the shape the movie puts her in. At ten fathoms, with a tank of oxygen on her back and her teeth clamped on an aqualung, Jane is not at her best. Even the sharks seem to pursue her with not much conviction. Although it has little to recommend it, *Underwater* promises to be a hard picture to avoid. Ten days before it was released, on the crest of an expensive-damned publicity campaign, it had already racked up more bookings than any RKO movie in the past ten years.

**The Intruder** (Associated Artists) is a happy example of the British talent for murmuring graceful commonplaces. Made from a Robin Maughan novel, *Line on Ginger*, the picture begins when a stockbroker (Jack Hawkins), home from an afternoon of golf, surprises a burglar (Michael Medwin) in his house. The man proves to be "Ginger" Edwards, a soldier the broker commanded in his regiment during World War II—and a good soldier he was. What has gone wrong with him? The broker asks, but before he can get an answer, Ginger takes French leave.

As the broker goes from one to another of his old soldiers, looking for the fugitive, the decline and fall of Ginger is described in five long flashbacks. For a wonder, the interruptions, usually fatal to the flow of interest, do not really interrupt; the flashback has seldom been used with such propriety and naturalness. The battle scenes

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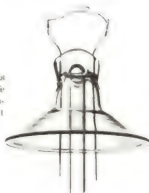
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are excellent, too, particularly a couple of comic ones.

The fun, however, always chords with a thoughtful undertone that carries through the whole picture. The moviemakers—Scriptwriters Robin Maughan and John Hunter, Director Guy Hamilton, Producer Ivan Foxwell—seem to have cared, not only to make good entertainment, but to get a real line on Ginger, and the warm pulse of that feeling beats through every performance and every scene.

**Cinerama Holiday** (Stanley Warner Cinerama Corp.), the second production in Cinerama, lacks the technical surprise of the first, and offers little to take its place. In *This Is Cinerama*, which grossed \$20 million in only 14 theaters during the past 28 months, the giant curved screen caught the spectator in an emotional pinners movement and empathically lobstered him out of his seat; but in essence it was no more than a wraparound newsreel. *Cinerama Holiday*, in turn, is just an oversized travelogue, but a fairly lively and sometimes picturesque one, though often it is blatant enough to explain all those stories about Americans abroad.

The European tour begins with a heart-stopping panorama of the Alps, as the plane glides over them toward the Zurich airport; then on to a rattling good bobbled run and a grand ski-doodle down the famous slope at Davos. Off to Paris: quick looks at the city, the Louvre, High Mass in Notre Dame, spring showings in Jacques Fath's salon, the soubrettes in a big tourist *boite*. The best thing in the show is a study of the children's faces as they watch the Guignol in the park.

There is also a tour of the U.S., featuring the sort of thing (Las Vegas, Top of the Mark, a New Orleans jam session, the Washington Monument) best left to home movies. On the whole, the trouble with *Cinerama Holiday* is that it employs such mighty means to such an insignificant end. As one customer remarked, "You get at least half the thrill of a roller-coaster ride for only ten times the price."

## CURRENT & CHOICE

**The Wages of Fear.** Fear, oil, greed, Central America and nitroglycerin, stirred together in an angry philosophical shocker by French Director Henri-Georges Clouzot (TIME, Feb. 21).

**Hunters of the Deep.** The camera grazes on beauty in the ocean pastures (TIME, Feb. 14).

**Game of Love.** First oats, as two French adolescents sow them: based on a Colette novel (TIME, Jan. 23).

**Romeo & Juliet.** Never has Shakespeare's love poem been so splendidly set—among the Renaissance remains of Venice, Verona, Siena (TIME, Dec. 20).

**The Country Girl.** A slickly made story (by Clifford Odets) about a Broadway has-been (Bing Crosby), his bitter wife (Grace Kelly) and cynical Director William Holden (TIME, Dec. 13).

**Gate of Hell.** A Japanese legend of quiet war and fatal lust, wrapped in a rich kimono of colors (TIME, Dec. 13).

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## BOOKS

### New Babbitt

SINCERELY, WILLIS WAYDE (511 pp.)—John P. Marquand—Little, Brown (\$3.95).

When Willis Wayde was a young man, his father had a serious talk with him. "Willis," said the old man, "you keep on trying to be something you aren't, and you'll end up a son of a bitch . . . A lot



NOVELIST MARQUAND  
Sincerity is not enough.

of people do before they know it, son."

Willis Wayde does, before he knows it. The typical Marquand hero is usually caught in the middle-class double play: Ford to Buick to Cadillac. But where *The Late George Apley* had a lot of endearing old charms and *H. M. Pulham, Esq.* wore his stuffiness with a certain dignity, Willis Wayde comes closer to being a thorough s.o.b. than any previous Marquand hero. He is a kind of Babbitt, but without old George F.'s fundamental decency and guilelessness. The U.S. has become quite fond of the Babbitt who read Edgar Guest, but a pseudo-sophisticated Babbitt who reads *The New Yorker* is almost unforgivable.

**Shades of Uriah Heep.** Not that it is all Willis Wayde's fault. When he first arrives at Clyde, Mass. from Denver, he is a likable youngster. But he is quickly made to feel that he and his parents are nomads from the great American desert west of Boston. His father, a brilliant, roving engineer, works at the Harcourt Mill. The Harcourts are a fine old feudal Yankee clan, and they soon inspire young Willis with the desire to be something he is not. He imitates their manners and their games, even buys (secondhand) their kind of clothes. But he can never really relax with them—not even when he takes to the woods with Bess Harcourt, the

boss's beautiful, blonde granddaughter. Willis Wayde's fiber proves much tougher than the thinning Harcourt strain, and Bess would like to love him—but how can she really love this solemn youngster who reminds her of Uriah Heep? She drops him for a gentleman who plays good tennis and wears the right kind of white ducks. At that point, a chilling transformation begins in Willis. Slowly his eagerness turns to cold ambition, his good manners into a calculating weapon, his yen to be like the Harcourts into an unconscious drive to destroy them.

All this happens casually, pleasantly, without a crack in the customary Marquand mood. Willis Wayde's minor monstrosities, which outweigh his major villainies, sneak up on the unsuspecting reader, as they sneak up on Willis' unsuspecting wife—a professor's charming daughter named Sylvia. Willis turns out to be the kind of man who pops out of bed of a morning and drops to the floor to do 20 pushups, religiously devotes 15 minutes a day to the Five-Foot Shelf of Harvard Classics, and methodically sprinkles wheat germ in his orange juice. On their honeymoon, he and Sylvia scarcely sit down to a cozy little dinner when he drags her table-hopping to meet a business idol of his, stifling Sylvia's protests with the reminder that it never hurts, as Willis always puts it, to "sweeten a contact."

As he zooms along to corporate heights, Willis Wayde seems like the prototype for David Riesman's "other-directed" personality. He assiduously collects antiques, not because he really likes to, but because he finds it a useful conversational ploy in his business dealings. He poses in front of mirrors to see if his tailored clothes hang with just that offhand casualness that will give him an edge in a stockholders' meeting.

**Emily Postscripts.** Inevitably, the day comes when Willis Wayde's growing firm takes over the Harcourt Mill in a merger. Willis expansively feels that he is doing Clyde and the Harcourts a big favor, but before novel's end he guillotines the town's economy and rubs out the last traces of his first friendships and loyalties.

Willis has an infinite capacity for sentimental self-deception. He can persuade himself that his mean dealings are really high-minded, that his sales-convention humor is funny, that his cliché-laden speeches are profound. He has the most dreadfully patronizing mannerisms that ever drove a wife (or a reader) to fury, and even when he tries to be tender, he just manages an Emily Postscript. "I wish you'd kiss me, dear," says Sylvia. "Why, certainly," replies Willis. "It will be a pleasure, honey."

Yet just as Sylvia puts up with him, so in the end does the reader. For Author Marquand manages a highly skillful double-switch with the reader's emotions. Early in the book, he smoothly turns the nice youngster into a glossy horror; later on he turns the horror into a rather sad char-

acter who compels sympathy. Novelist Marquand's plot may sag at points, but the caricature of his hero is fascinating, down to the last page, when wise and forbearing Sylvia tucks in her husband with a kiss and a Nembutal. Perhaps the most pathetic thing about Willis Wayde is that, in his own peculiar way, he believes in what he is doing, is sincere even in the dreadful, calculating little social-business notes he always signs: Sincerely, Willis Wayde.

If, like Babbitt, this figure should become a word in the English language, a Wayde will denote a man whose tragedy is lack of roots, whose sin is trying to be something he is not.

### The Mandate of Heaven

THE PUBLIC PHILOSOPHY (189 pp.)—Walter Lippmann—Atlantic—Little, Brown (\$3.50).

In the summer of 1938, Columnist Walter Lippmann, brooding about the "mounting disorder in our Western society," began to put his concern into book form. After the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, he laid aside his manuscript to see what was going to happen to the world. When he returned to his task after war's end, he found that "something had gone very wrong in the liberal democracies . . . They were unable to make peace and to restore order."

In *The Public Philosophy*, Pundit Lipp-



PUNDIT LIPPMANN  
Sex appeal is not sex.

mann comes to some challenging conclusions about the ills that plague the democracies. He weakens his argument by not differentiating between the democracies—between the chronically sick French variety, for instance, and the vigorous but complex American form. But his diagnosis is well worth listening to: 1) public opinion is dominating the executive branch of democratic governments to the point of

enfeeblement and paralysis, and 2) the democracies have abandoned the philosophy on which they were founded, i.e., the principle of the natural law.

**"Insecure & Intimidated."** Public officials in the democracies, Lippmann complains, are forever feeling the public pulse to judge their own political condition. "Successful democratic politicians are insecure and intimidated men. They advance politically only as they placate, appease, bribe, seduce, bamboozle or otherwise . . . manipulate the demanding and threatening elements in their constituencies. The decisive consideration is not whether the proposition is good but whether it is popular—not whether it will work well and prove itself but whether the active talking constituents like it immediately."

The "people" are not always right: "Strategic and diplomatic decisions call for a kind of knowledge—not to speak of an experience and a seasoned judgment—which cannot be had by glancing at newspapers, listening to snatches of radio comment, watching politicians perform on television, hearing occasional lectures, and reading a few books. It would not be enough to make a man competent to decide whether to amputate a leg, and it is not enough to qualify him to choose war or peace, to arm or not to arm . . . to fight on or to negotiate."

**Philosophy & Politics.** A big part of public-opinion pressure exerted on the executive is routed through the legislative branches. In this Lippmann sees serious danger: "The executive is the active power in the state, the asking and the proposing power. The representative assembly is the consenting power, the petitioning, the approving and the criticizing, the accepting and the refusing power . . . This duality of function . . . has a certain resemblance to that of the two sexes . . . If this function is devalitized or is confused with the function of the other sex, the result is sterility and disorder."

What the executives in democratic governments are forgetting, Lippmann says, is that they owe their primary allegiance to the law and to the office, not to the electorate. This leads logically to his second point: the people of democratic countries have forgotten that the natural law is the basis of democracy, have descended into agnosticism and neutralism. When a people abandons the principle that there is a natural law behind the system of earthly law, "it is impossible to reach intelligible and workable conceptions of popular election, majority rule, representative assemblies, free speech, loyalty, property, corporations and voluntary associations."

Ultimately, says Lippmann, politics are based on philosophy and theology. When philosophers teach that the good society is merely a changeable arrangement based on the values that Existentialist Jean-Paul Sartre tells each man to invent for himself, and when religion is regarded as a purely psychological phenomenon, public policy—hence politics—must decay. The U.S. must again learn that the principles of the good society are not "invented and chosen | but | are there, outside our wishes,

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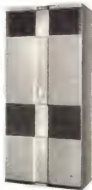


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where they can be discovered by rational inquiry . . ."

**Paternal or Fratricidal?** The great danger today, as Lippmann sees it, is that more and more people in democracy, witnessing disorder and confusion, will be ready prey for dictatorship—"will choose authority, which promises to be paternal in preference to freedom which threatens to be fratricidal." Author Lippmann sees only one way to halt this disastrous trend: restore to its place of honor the basic public philosophy of the democracies.

Part of *The Public Philosophy* is standard Walter Lippmann. He has written this new book in his usual scholar's style, which means that it will reach only a very small percentage of the people who, he believes, are in such dire need of knowledge. But the basic tone of *The Public Philosophy* is new. In his day Lippmann has been a champion of the New Deal's invented and chosen theories, a writer admittedly guided often by "hastily improvised generalizations." Never before has he shown such firm and specific regard for the natural law and for basic religious principle. This emphasis is the key value of Lippmann's important book. He concludes: "Political ideas acquire operative force in human affairs when . . . they bind men's consciences. Then they possess, as the Confucian doctrine has it, 'the mandate of heaven.' In the crisis within the Western society, there is at issue now the mandate of heaven."

### Three Who Came Through

Ten years after V-J day, Americans have read all about the great campaigns of World War II, and are already beginning to forget their details. Yet men are still coming forward with new stories of little-known sides of history's biggest war.

**BLACKBURN'S HEADHUNTERS**, by Philip Harkins (326 pp.; Norton: \$3.75). Except for a coast watcher or two who greeted returning U.S. forces at Leyte near war's end, Americans know practically nothing of the men who led Philippine guerrillas in World War II. Rather than surrender with U.S. forces at Bataan in 1942, these U.S. soldiers fled to the jungle and carried on as best they could. *Blackburn's Headhunters* is the exciting true story of Lieut. Donald Blackburn, one of the handful of Americans to fight through on Luzon to the triumphant end. He survived by dodging north from Manila to hide out among the mountain Igorots, who used to be headhunters and were still not entirely reformed when Blackburn met up with them (other tribes in the vicinity were said to drink the blood and eat the hearts and livers of their enemies). One day when his superstitious, G-string auxiliaries thought a red bird had flown into his jungle headquarters, Blackburn stood by anxiously as witch doctors studied the spleens of sacrificed chickens to see whether a new unhatched camp would have to be pitched. When MacArthur finally returned, Blackburn's Bolomen mopped up the Japanese diarchos who had fled to the mountains ("Every single



**TRAVELER SKREDE**  
Trucks in Marco Polo's tracks.

bloody body [was left] without its head"). Blackburn put his shoes on again and prepared to fly home (he is now a major in the Regular Army), but not before the natives gave him a rousing farewell party. Ever since, V-J day has been Aug. 14 to the rest of the world but to his friends among the Igorots it is Sept. 14—Donald Blackburn's birthday.

**ACROSS THE ROOF OF THE WORLD**, by Wilfred Skrede (223 pp.; Norton: \$3.50). For reckless rambling and crazy adventure, this modern Viking's voyage to the New World might well be added to the Edda. After the Nazis invaded Norway in 1940, Willie Skrede, 19-year-old Oslo engineering apprentice, skipped to Sweden, hoping to make his way to the Norwegian air force then training in Canada. Told to join the long line awaiting official transportation, impatient Willie set out with four friends, made his own way across Russia, Sinkiang, the Himalaya passes, India, and finally the sea. Crossing Russia by train in early 1941 was as pleasant as the champagne the travelers managed to buy in Nijtor, a Russian village in the center of Asia. But in China's Sinkiang, "that province which has long since been abandoned by both gods and decent people," Willie broke his back in a truck crash. After a hefty Russian nurse helped him hobble out of Kuldsha's fly-blackened hospital, Willie caught more truck rides until the old Silk Road led him to Kashgar, on Marco Polo's route. There Britain's mountaineering consul, Eric Shipton and his No. 1 houseboy, a "hard nut" of a Sherpa named Tenzing Norkey, fed him well and mapped out his route through the Himalayas to Kashmir. Alone now, half starving and delirious, Willie stumbled over the 16,000-ft. passes to be wel-

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comed by a local potentate. A Norwegian freighter, which called at Singapore as Japan's first bombs fell on Dec. 7, 1941, finally brought Willie to Canada, where he learned the comparatively humdrum business of handling fighter planes.

No. 13, *Boa*, by Jean Overton Fuller (240 pp.; Little, Brown; \$3.50), is the gripping, troubling story of a British secret agent who played a double game with his Nazi captors. Caught the second time he parachuted into France, Captain John Starr pretended to compromise with the enemy. He accepted the Germans' invitation to stay at their counter-espionage headquarters in Paris, lettering maps (he was a commercial artist), and chatted daily with the Germans (harmlessly, he says). He soon learned that the Germans had succeeded in capturing Allied agents' radio sets and cutting them into the British network, but he was never able to warn London. After the invasion he was packed off to Sachsenhausen concentration camp. Starr admits that because he never managed to alert his superiors, he failed to win his double game; his bosses hint that because he talked to the Germans he lost it. But the disconcerting fact is that Starr offers at least partial British corroboration of a recent German assertion that by 1943 hundreds of Allied drops were intercepted by the Nazis every month and that of the resistance radio operating at that time, three-quarters were in the hands of the Gestapo.

### Young Fogy

THE CHILDREN OF LIGHT (303 pp.)—Gerald Sykes—Farrar, Straus & Young (\$3.50).

By all the old saws, age alone knows caution, and it is the adventurous young who storm for change. But in this novel about the political Trimble of Trimble, Ohio, it is the son and not the father who is the conservative. A full-blooded international career of oil wildcatting, marital free-wheeling and ambassadorial roving has left 52-year-old John Peyton Trimble irrepressibly convinced that "experimentation" is the first rule of behavior, "essential to the courage to be oneself." His politically gifted son rigidly practices a contrary rule: "Never bet against the house—don't be a sucker—be the house."

As in his other books (*The Nice American*, *The Center of the Stage*), Novelist Sykes cleaves right to the secret core of his characters—ex-Communist literary snobs, venomous small-town society queens, Point Four evangelists, coronary-conscious manufacturers. But this time he has also hacked a plot from political headlines, and so blunted his aptest insights. When Ambassador Trimble refuses to back his son's campaign for Congress, son Hank starts nasty rumors about the old man and sweeps to victory by glibly explaining a suddenly uncovered big bank account in an emotional TV broadcast. Despite his newspaper plot, talented Novelist Sykes has written a striking book about a prodigal father and a young fogy of a son.

## MISCELLANY

**Double Take.** In Los Angeles, burglars broke into the offices of the Hecht-Lancaster Motion Picture Producing Co., made off with \$500 in stage money.

**Virtue's Reward.** In Stalybridge, England, after he had slugged Secondhand Dealer George Thompson, 64, with a pistol, Frank Grundy, 23, heeded Thompson's plea, went to a nearby drugstore for bandages, found police waiting when he got back, bitterly accused Thompson of ingratitude as he was hauled off to jail.

**Dowry.** In Memphis, Lloyd T. Riddle, 30, went to court to break a \$2,100 contract with the Arthur Murray Dance Studio, argued that he had married one of the studio's instructors and could now learn to dance at home.

**Prior Art.** In Delta, Colo., a month after he sawed a hole in his cell door and escaped from the county jail, Harley Carlinger, 24, was recaptured and put in the same cell, used the 50-lb. ball chained to his leg to knock off the new steel plate welded to the door, used the plate to break his heavy chains, escaped again by the same route.

**Capital Expansion.** In Copenhagen, Denmark, church wardens of the Vissenbjerg Unen parish announced they were getting a liquor license for an inn which has lost money ever since they converted it to a temperance hotel 30 years ago.

**Theme & Variations.** In Milwaukee, arrested for drunkenness, Trumpet Player Arden J. Klassa, 34, blamed his troubles on the fact that he looks so much like Liberace, and "a lovely young brunette" was so struck with the resemblance that "we went to a lovely cocktail lounge, we discussed music, we each drank eleven martinis."

**Tattletale Grey.** In Baltimore, George W. Thomas and Oscar Purdie were arrested for robbing the Empire Laundry of \$400 worth of shirts, sheets and bedspreads when they brought part of their loot back to the Empire for laundering.

**Latitude.** In Chicago, after he tripped the burglar alarm on the safe of a currency exchange, Burglar Clarence Phoenix, 43, worked on complacently while he listened to approaching squad cars on his short-wave radio, was caught red-handed, explained sadly: "I thought I was in the next block."

**None for the Road.** In Paris, contending that a client charged with reckless driving on the way home from a nightclub had simply been too sober, Lawyer René Floriot asked the court to imagine sitting up until 5 a.m. "without letting champagne refresh your ideas and your palate," concluded: "Under these circumstances . . . a catastrophe is inevitable."



## in Japanese Kendo

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no errors

**1** "A greenhorn hasn't a chance when he crosses 'swords' in a Japanese Kendo match," writes John Rich, an American friend of Canadian Club. "In Tokyo I took a whack at this slambang survivor of Japan's 12th century samurai warrior days. The samurai lived by the sword and glorified his flashing blade. His peaceful descendant uses a two-handed bamboo *shinai* in a lunging duel that makes a western fencing match look like a dancing class.



**2** "Remember your style," Kendo master Maken Mori reminded me as I was scarfed and armed. To win, he'd taught me, you have to hit your adversary's forehead, Adam's Apple, wrist or ribs.



**3** "I turned spectator when I failed to get a blow in edgewise against my Nipponese rival. 'You need more training,' Mr. Mori said. Later, I watched some fast action as one man dropped suddenly to his knees to strike a quick and winning blow to his opponent's ribs.

**5** "The Japanese are noted for courtesy, but good manners can't explain their high regard for Canadian Club. It's a favorite everywhere I travel." Why this worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is light as scotch, rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon.

Yet it has a distinctive flavor that is all its own. You can stay with Canadian Club all evening long ... in cocktails before dinner, and tall ones after. There is one and only one Canadian Club, and no other whisky tastes quite like it in all the world.



**4** "Kendo recalls memories of honorable ancestors," Mr. Mori said later. I recalled pleasant memories myself when he served Canadian Club.

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